

Bad Ideas

★ notes from Ypsi-Arbor
music culture ★

\$2.00


SUMMER 2K4
13rd issue!

Columns ★ Comics ★ Reviews ★ Etc...

• intro •

You ever have one of those days? Where everything falls apart, and nothing works out like you'd hoped. Ever had that stretch into two days? And then into a week. Then a month. Then two. yeah, well, welcome to my life recently.

First I guess I should let contributors know, If you sent us something for this issue and it's not here, sorry. I mean really, really sorry. everything fell apart.

If you don't know already let me explain a few things about this zine. It's a house project. The people who do all the leg work, putting things together all live together except Jef + Nate who are just cool. Working on the zine is part of what we do in the house as well a pay rent n' such. In theory it should work, but this issue, it didn't. Ivy moved out saying she'd get the review section to us. She didn't. Amanda left on two days notice without getting us the sections she was supposed to, including the e-mail stuff. Which is why there may be contributors articles missing. Me + Jef looked through the e-mail but not sure what we were looking for, found nothing. Amanda had been in charge of the internet. So if you've written us + we haven't gotten back to you that's why. (We'll go through our e-mail soon, so all missing contrabutions will be in the next issue.) Christina is traveling for the summer, Matt's had his own problems trying to get ads together. So that left me as the only person in the house doing the zine. Jef came to my rescue and because of that, it looks much better than it was going to when it was just me. Nate also was there to help bail me out. But ploning on his own escape out of town he was a bit peocupied. Jef + I put all of this together and thanks to Jef we even have photo + stencil pages that he put together real quick by himself. Anyway, what I'm really trying to say is THANKS JEF, I could have done it with out you but I'd have stabbed my fucking eyes out.

The last intro I talked about how easy that issue came together, this was the complete opposite. It was.. It just sucked. Hope you enjoy it. Sorry it's a month late.

Oh. if you can't tell, we really need a house mate or two. call us, we're O.K., really.

-Josh. ♡. @ -

Bad Ideas ISSUE #3

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**SUBMISSIONS DUE
SEPTEMBER 1ST**

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Bad Ideas is accepting submissions for Columns, Articles, Review Material, Comics and What not. **All submissions due before Sept. 1st.** Mail a hard copy to our address or email them to thisbadidea@yahoo.com.

Columnists, here's some tips so you don't piss off the 300+ lb. guy that formats the columns:

- * Make it a Word Document.
- * Don't try to shape it like a column. Just type it out and trust that it'll be formatted correctly.
- * Don't waste space between paragraphs. At the end of your paragraph, hit Enter once, hit Tab once (to indent) and resume typing.
- * Use the Times New Roman font, size 10.
- * To title a paragraph, put the title in **bold**.
- * Use spell check. Remember: a *witch* rides a broom, think of that when you decide *which* word to use.

DISCLAIMER: This is the part that usually reads: "The views and opinions expressed within this magazine are those of the contributors and do not necessarily reflect the views of Bad Ideas or the Bad Ideas staff as a whole." But, instead, I'll put it like this: Look, Bad Ideas is a collected work of upwards of 20 people. Everybody signs their name, so you know who's sayin' what. There you are. While we do have standards to uphold, these standards are fairly broad, so anything goes...within reason. For example, I think it is widely held that basing a persons worth on that person's gender or race is out of the bounds of reason, while the idea that George W. Bush is, himself, a terrorist is completely reasonable. Thank you & enjoy.

Columns

RAMBAL

Let's Cyber!

Check out these sweet web sights.

www.bioticbakingbrigade.org

A group from California who puts pie the face of cooperate crime.

www.infoshop.org

Looking for a link to radical lesbians in Lithuania? These people have a huge online archive with tons of links to other radical groups.

www.veganoutreach.org

Better response time than PETA. This group offers pamphlets with credible information without all the propaganda.

www.crimethinc.com

An anarchist collective that deals with current events and applications of anarchist theory. Good place to get fliers, stickers and inspiring anarchist books. But for serious anarchist theory, look elsewhere.

www.earthliberationfront.org

www.animalliberationfront.org

Both are direct action groups with anonymous membership. These groups dedicate themselves to saving the Earth by causing monetary harm to business that harms the earth (i.e. destroying logging trucks).

Ta Ta, Randal R Roy

SANTI

"Her Shoe, It No Longer Fits"

I'm leaving. To be honest, I've already left. A few of you were already aware of this, but given my impersonal, inconsiderate, and incoherent nature of evading conversation, many of you will be learning of my departure for the first time. I decided to print it here in the third installment of *Bad Ideas*, so I could; A) let everyone know where I have gone; B) write a little about my history with Ann Arbor, and why I've left, and most importantly; C) avoid talking to you people directly.

Where I'll be when this issue is printed, I can't

honestly say. Hell, we could all be grandparents by the time *Bad Ideas 3* comes out. Until then, I will be somewhere on the road, searching for a new place to call home. The time is long overdue to say farewell to Treetown, Ace Deuce, A-Squared, Alcoholic's Anonymous, Yuppieville, Josh Arbor, Stoogetown, or any other epithets used over the many years since John Allen and Elisha Walker Rumsey first founded this cash-crop in 1824.

When I moved here in 1998, it was an escape from the narrow-mindedness and bleakness of Small Town, Colorado (see: *Bad Ideas 1* - S. Holley "Of Sunsets, Garages, and the Utility of Meaning"). I was born at the University of Michigan Hospital in 1981 and did my formative years at King Elementary. In 1990, my mom and I moved to Colorado, after she met a wealthy doctor who promised to take care of our broke-asses for the rest of our lives. After six months, he threw us out. Our broke-asses made some kind of a life for ourselves in Small Town, Colorado, and I visited the Big City (Ann Arbor) at any opportunity that arose, vowing that I would soon return triumphantly to the town that I was born in and I loved. I attended Small Town High School (see: Hell), and through hard work, diligence, and some taking advantage of flaws in the system, I graduated one year early. I wasted no time in making arrangements to move to Michigan. My first plan was to hitchhike the entire distance, but after my first night of standing in the dark and cold for hours with no rides, I decided that I'd be just as much of a punk and a bluesman to go Greyhound. I took nothing with me but a large, blue duffel bag, a green fedora blues hat, and my graduation present, a new, Ibanez acoustic guitar.

Three long days later, my bus pulled into the Huron St. bus station, where I finally emerged triumphantly. A bit sore, but triumphant, nonetheless. I stepped off that bus looking like I had indeed, just came straight out of Small Town, but the smile that stretched across my face was anything but. It was the middle of the day, so I went to my older brother's office on S. Fourth Ave. to tell him I was here; I had made it. He and his fiancé were kind enough to let me stay in their house until I found a job and a place of my own. However, I spent more time skipping down State Street, stealing CDs from Tower Records, eating greasy Diag Party Store pizza, and checking out college girls then I did looking for a job. I had originally wanted to live in the Chapin St. house, a.k.a. The Kung Fu Lounge, after seeing the Divisia/Blue Onion/Mazinga show, but I didn't have a clue as to how to approach the large, scary punk rockers inside. Eventually, and not a moment too soon for my hosts, I landed my first job at The Bagel Factory on South University, and my first apartment on the corner of Hill and Division. That was in 1999, and I was seventeen years old.

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Unfortunately, I assumed I would live in Ann Arbor for the rest of my life, and that kind of thinking can make a man mad with over-consumption. I acquired quite a few things over the six years I've lived in Michigan, mostly CDs and books, but since I moved back into my brother's house when he and his new wife relocated to Massachusetts, I had begun the downward spiral of furniture accumulation. In my house, I had collected three couches, a dining room table set, a washer and dryer, an "entertainment center" with complete entertainment, two bookshelves, and a coffee table. It was less than a year ago that I surveyed my surroundings and realized what I had become. Surprisingly, it was also the time I became to loathe not only the direction my life was heading, but Ann Arbor, as well. Somewhere along the road, I took a turn off the tried-and-true path of minimalism, anti-consumerism, and punk rock bohemianism and started buying matching shower mats and shower curtains. I quickly recognized the reason for my discontent, and within two hectic weeks in May 2004, I sold or threw away every bit of furniture I had acquired and more than half of my possessions. I also left the house in which I had started my Ann Arbor life.

Perhaps I may be accused of cowardice or evasion for leaving town when things get hot, but the future of Ann Arbor looks bleak and unpromising. When Cat's Meow closed, I took notice. When Decker Drugs and A.P. Meyer closed, I took notice. When all the record stores started disappearing and were replaced with Jimmy John's, Potbelly's, Starbucks, or a vacant, dusty storefront, I took notice. When the Del Rio closed, the Perf Net burned, and new condominiums were being erected on every edge of town, I wondered how much more I could stand to watch before realizing that my hometown was dramatically and rapidly changing.

Regardless of what others have told me, staying will not help. No amount of stencils, bricks, or generator shows will change the direction our city has chosen to take. It's a pleasant dream to think that with unity, strategy, and a couple cans of spray paint, we could change the course and return Ann Arbor to its Salad Days, but that kind of idealism only takes place in the pages of Das Kapital, CrimethInc. communiqués, and lyric sheets of punk rock bands. I made the decision to leave while I still loved Ann Arbor, and just before I grew to despise it. The #5 bus will continue to roll without my fare, the squirrels will continue to be overfed and overweight without my pita, and the cops will still confiscate skateboards, just not mine.

I'm leaving Michigan with my partner, Sasha. She was a student at U of M, and to some extent, I waited for her to graduate so we could depart together - either as an excuse to postpone leaving, or because I am more confident traveling with her. I can't tell you our

exact plan of action, but it starts with a road-trip through Massachusetts, North Carolina, Colorado, Oregon, and California, and it ends somewhere, sometime, somehow. Besides going with Sasha, I am leaving Ann Arbor almost the same way I came: with the same blue duffel bag and the same Ibanez guitar.

In the six years I have lived in Michigan (post-Colorado), I have been in many relationships - some bad, some not so bad. I have had many numerous jobs - some bad, some even worse. I have played in lots of diverse bands, lived in many houses, met just about everyone who lives in town, and dropped out of Washtenaw Community College not once, not twice, but three times. I have been fortunate enough to work with a great community of people, from the Perf Net to State Control Records to rad.art and many more. And now I have the opportunity to write my narcissistic farewell in the pages of a local zine. I consider myself triumphant now more than ever.

"I am the world's forgotten boy; the one who searches and destroys."

-Steve/Santi Elijah Holley
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ENDNOTES:

- 1) I will continue writing for Bad Ideas.
- 2) Hopefully, I will be back in August for Punk Week.
- 3) Trader Joe's (formerly Whole Foods) now locks their dumpster. Please break or superglue all locks. Consider it a personal favor.



"whatever laRRy"

The del rio was collectively managed for thirty some odd years. The del rio was quickly dismantled in only two—mostly by taking that management out of its employee's hands and trying to impose an outside "authority." We were not a co-op. We did not have stock in the bar. We ran the bar. The owners were never working during prime bar hours nor were they present. We made decisions based on mutual respect, a sense of loyalty to each other and an undeniable respect for "our bar". It was our bar. We as employees all brought in customers from our own circles of friends. Given the fact that there were more than 40 of us on the payroll at

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any given moment, it was easy to create a community. Our patrons were primarily people we knew. We knew them so we served them well. We knew each other so we treated each other well. We worked hard to make it work.

Our molecules were changed when we were let off probation we were called "delroids". We answered only to each other.

As a cook at the del, I took on the responsibility of the Sunday morning shift. I was given a key to the back door within three months of my employment there. I would arrive around noon, usually hung over, to an empty building. I would be alone for the next five hours. I would choose a cassette from the wall of over 1800 tapes, play it over the bar speakers and work. My day consisted of normal prep cook responsibilities; cook the beans, spin the lettuce, chop the vegetables, etc... It was my routine, my version of multitasking meditation. So, you can imagine my surprise when someone walked into MY kitchen and asked gruffly, "Who are you?" Our housemother/bookkeeper, Betty, brought this woman in with her one morning. I thought nothing of it, other than the fact that she was rude and seemingly unintelligent. Days passed and rumor had it that she was to be our new manager. As more days passed, we were told, mostly by her, that she was "the manager". None of us took very kindly to that as a concept, let alone her constant meddling.

She had never worked in a bar before. She had been fired from a catering job some months earlier. She was impolite. She refused to be trained in our work groups. She didn't know what a pint glass looked like. She couldn't remember our names. We all hated her and everything she represented. We all plotted and schemed about how to make her disappear. I decided that until we could be rid of her, we could drive her insane. I suggested that we all call her something very close to, something that sounded like, but never her proper name. We then decided that she would be given a pet name, laRRy. It was a perfect, a boring expletive title that usurped her authority completely. We could and we did talk shit about her blatantly in front of her face. "larry is such a dumb ass." "laRRy lied to me again today." My favorite phrase was "Whatever laRRy!" She would give one of us some asinine task or instruction. We would reply and seemingly comply, then while walking away we would mumble "whatever laRRy." She was clueless. We were amused. That was not enough.

Our work environment had taken a 360 degree turn. From the kind of space where you felt protected by your coworkers and knew that you would not be subjected to abuse by them or patrons, to this military state where we feared for our jobs daily. None of us knew what the new regime entailed other than the presence of this terrible woman and her lies. It was a sad dishearten-

ing space. None of us could give up on it. None of us wanted to quit. We had given too much to each other, to that building, to OUR bar.

I'm tipsy its nearly 2 am. We all know that around that time is when a lot of us lose the majority of our normal inhibitions and we as a del rio culture are used to late nights and strong drinks. Another employee and myself walked into the bar for a last call. We were given our drinks and sat there sipping our whiskey and glaring at laRRy as she fumbled behind the bar. The bar closes and clears out. My intoxicated companion and my intoxicated self are still there, brooding. I say "hey buGG lets go fuck with laRRy." She is usually the sensible one and typically diffuses my outbursts. This time that was not the case. She says "oK." We march down the stairs to destroy her or at least to make her feel as unwanted as she really was. laRRy trips over her own words as we try to tell her how we do things. We ask her pointed questions knowing she wouldn't have answers. We tried to appeal to her sense of community. We tried to make her understand how she was a threat and what she was a threat to. We follow her. We tell her that its not going to work that she is trying single handedly to destroy over 30 years of tradition. She barks programmed answers about what the owners want. I call her a corporate minion. She doesn't understand what that means. She doesn't listen and we don't stop talking. Things are already heated. She says "Its time to go." I say "You can go I have a key." She stops dead in her tracks. She knows she has no options. She leaves. She knows for a brief moment that she is not really in control. We have a picture of her speeding away to prove it.

This confrontation inspired a revolution, calculated firings of key employees, some of them rehired, people walking off on shifts, long time patrons refusing to return, a union, a boycott, and the eventual closing of the del rio as we all knew and loved it on December 31, 2003. Sad but true and more stories to tell.



How I spent my summer vacation

I was a kid during the eighties. I started high school in 1989. So many of my years as a child were spent during the Reagan administration. So I would just like to say that I'm so glad he's fucking dead. Reagan, the man who gave us such things as the trickle down

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theory ("reaganomics"), star wars (not the nifty film trilogy, if you don't know what I mean, you should look it up) and the fear of being the victim of nuclear weapons (does anyone remember the movie "The Day After"? – ironically *the day after* writing this I saw the movie newly available on dvd). As I watched the news coverage of his funeral, I listened to all these people say how great he was and all the good things he did for this country. After that I laughed as Nancy laid her head on his coffin, slowly rubbed her hand across it. The monster under the bed had finally died.

Then I realized, Reagan may have been a terrible president who never gave a shit about the American people who ruled over, but we have a bigger monster to deal with now. Bush Sr. was a terrible president, but he was in no way as big of a cluster-fuck as his son. I can only hope that George W. loses this next election or that he finally chokes to death on a pretzel (or a bullet).

Talk to me summer

I really do love summer. I complain about the heat. I complain about the mosquitos. I complain about the lack of students (I'm totally kidding you on this one). But, some of my best memories are summer memories. I have this giant conspiracy theory that some secret-agency is putting some kind of "crazy" potion in the water every summer. People do weird shit during the summer. People seem to fall in love more during the summer. Some of the best shows I've ever seen were during the summer. People travel outside of their safe zones. They try different things and make new friends.

Yes, our president is evil, but don't let that stop you from having some fun this summer.

I'm such a dork

I started writing this column weeks ago. Then Reagan died and I had this whole new thing I wanted to write about. Then I wrote about free comic book day before realizing that this wouldn't be out till a few days after it. So I scrapped that all together. All of a sudden I had a way shorter column than I liked. So I was coming up with new things I'd like to write about, but never getting around to actually writing them down. Then the slacker phase hit me. I only had half of my column done and it was already a few weeks late. I had barely been staying at my house for the last week or so and had never got around to working on it. This is what happens when you meet a totally amazing girl (see, it's the summer thing happening just like I said). Between 4 a.m. walks, eating pancakes, watching movies, being attacked by mosquitos, talking for hours, cuddling (fuck you if you think cuddling doesn't rule) and just being dorks together, I didn't get very much done. But hey, my column is done. Hell, I hope I have the same reason next time my column is late.

and cut (kinda)...

Alright, that's it. I'm sick (yea, I'm not sick anymore),

I'm trying to quit smoking (damn you lack of will power!) and I feel like shit (nope, not anymore).

Check this stuff out:

-King Shit: awesome band, think the Melvins on a thousand hash brownies, only slower. I wanna say there from the Lansing area (not 100% sure).

-New Crime Icons: hc kiddies swimming in the Behind Enemy Lines/ Aus Rotten pool. From Kalamazoo. They have a new 7" (see review this issue) and CD (out on No!No Records).

-Flesh And Blood Robot: all I can say is holy shit...I love this band. The singer has the biggest lung capacity I've heard around here lately. Manic mix of hc with crazy timing and breakdowns, think: Ancient Chinese Secret but with more distortion and screaming. That was such an awful description. From the Ionia area.

That's it, go home. Luv, Nate H.

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P.S. I like driving on the highway.



I want to have absolutely nothing to do with the music business. I think that the people that are involved with it are a bunch of immoral, money-grubbing whores. As of late, it's thoughts like these that steal their way into my subconscious.

I'm thinking of things, like what's been going with internet downloads. U of M is STILL suing students for downloading songs off of the internet. File sharing. The argument is that if the people download albums off of the internet, they won't want to buy the albums from the store. If the albums don't get sold, the artist won't make money. HORSE SHIT!

The artist gets less than 13% of any record sold. They'll manufacture the albums for under a buck a piece, mark 'em up to over \$15 and the artists still get the shaft. They get paid *after* the "producer" that recorded the damn thing. The "producer" is more likely to strike it rich in the music industry than any band is. The reason I use quotes when referring to a producer is that most likely that schmuck getting credit as a producer is no such thing. He's probably no more than some big name rock star that feels he's spent enough time in the studio being recorded that he could probably do that job. I liken that sentiment to Mona Lisa turnin' around and callin' herself a painter cuz she's seen it

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done before. See, back in the day, the producer was someone that went out and scared up a bunch of talented performers to produce a certain sound for a piece of music and record it with more know-how than "point that mic at that thing". They would actually produce the sound of the song. This was something that you needed an education on. Nowadays you got people like Jack White producing Loretta Lynn and giving her that "raw sound". I could give you a raw piece of chicken and you'd end up with the same results - sickness. I heard the album. Not even Jack White can kill Loretta Lynn, but he can stink up the songs some with his own audible gas.

No, bands get paid "the big bucks" by playing shows, touring and the like. Or doing commercials and advertising. Britney Spears isn't selling Pepsi to get her name out, it's probably the only way she can get paid.

I also think of the bands that I see at work. Last night I saw a band whose message was repeated over and over - "one love!" They were the headliner, the "big name" local draw for the show. So, to show their love for the opening bands, they damned that they go second of the 3 bands. I don't know if you are familiar with this common phenomenon. When the headliner goes second, the crowd goes away before the third band has a chance to hit a lick. They also wanted to show love for the opening bands by requesting that the usual complimentary band beer not be divided, but instead be kept only for them in the band room. And, for their third act of undying one loveness" they opted to not pay the opening acts.

Now wait a second. When I said that I want absolutely nothing to do with the music business, I really wasn't trying to say "don't worry folks, I'm not going to try for super stardom like that growth, Britney Spears, I'm keepin' it real". I mean, really, what punk isn't saying that? I actually want nothing to do with music as a business. Look, I've seen VH1's *Behind the Music*, I've seen MTV's *Driven*, I know the amount of shit-shoveling and ass-licking that it take to "make it" in "the business", I'm really not that motivated. Fuck, I'm not even motivated enough to flier for a fuckin' show, how the fuck could I motivate myself to send a demo or personal invitation to a bijillion A&R reps in the hopes that they would tell me exactly what I have to change, about my art, to be accepted in the music industry. And don't get me started on my lack of talent. Why the fuck do you think I play punk rock? If I could write and perform something as talented as "Oops, I did it again", I'd be wearin' a headset microphone doin' Darren's Dance Grooves faster than you could smell the sarcasm! No, I would like there to be no valid connection in morals to link me to the likes of the artistic vampires that I see in the current music media.

The reason I make music is so I can have a

creative outlet for all the shit that pisses me off on a daily basis...and some of the shit that makes me happy. Sure, I could type all my gripes to you fuckers all day long, but there ain't enough ink in the world nor clear-cutting forestry companies to produce the volumes of text for all the bitchy shit I got to say about what not. No, there's nothing like mulling it over long enough to make it all rhyme in a song and screamin' it to the people that it's about that would make me give up playin' music. And, there again is another thing. Why the fuck would I confine myself within four walls of a shitty bar to tell the people, that paid to get in, that are bound to agree with me, all the problems that I have with all the people walkin' around outside in the streets of our "liberal" town. Most likely the people I got the problems with wouldn't bother payin' the cover. I'd much rather play a show to an audience that either can't walk fast enough to get out of earshot or one that honestly wants to stop to listen, rather than one that is only staying to make the most of the money they wasted on cover charge. I don't want people to want to hear my music bad enough to blow their money, I just want people to hear it. And I'd like to hear yours. So, send it to me through the Bad Ideas contact info located in the front of this magazine.



My Mind's Eye

Hello, I'm Caleb Fiser of Ann Arbor Michigan. I'm currently going to Pioneer High School and dual enrolled at Commie High School. School-wise, I thought that I was an A/B grade student, but I have now realized the I'm a C/D grade student. But at Commie, I'm an A grade student, so there must be some sort of a difference in the school if I can continue to do so much better in one school than the other. I believe that I'm fairly good at taking a real look at my surroundings, that and music is all I'm good for. Since I don't have the "grade" you might want to totally discard everything I say, or if it offends you just remember that I'm your future.

I titled this paper "My Mind's Eye" because I plan to write about ideas I've picked up throughout my long life span, 15 years. So with that in mind I'll start with a theory that has to do with my childhood. I believe that you are more affected by the environment your parents set up around you than what your parents really teach you, and most of the time the environment your

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parents set up is like the environment they grew up with. Therefore, you turn out to be like your parents. This is not really the first theory I came up with, but it is a good one to start with.

My own story begins when my mom was a junior in high school and she had me by accident. Once my dad found out, all of the sudden he had to leave to Tennessee for no real reason. So seeing that my mom was still in high school, I would think that she would have aborted me or put me up for adoption, but she didn't seem to mind me much, but her parents were concerned about her. So they made sure that she made the right decision by repeatedly insisting that she think about adoption. After all that, I still remained a Fiser.

Even though my mom loved me she was too young to raise me so my grandparents did that for her and they had it down by the time I came along. My mom and her brother were like my brother and sister. Once we moved out I was about one and a half and my mom was putting herself through college, so I got to see the things that awaited me. The responsibility I got, taking care of my mom and myself, made me more aware and gave me that "outlook on life." This was also one of my primary environments.

Throughout my mom's college life I have met a lot of her friends. In college the weirdest nut-ball theories are created and I has influenced by the realistic ones, but none the less odd to most people. With all these different ideas coming my way I was able to come up with my theories.

- I feel the way schools are set up is good for getting your name on a piece of paper and you'll never learn anything. The only thing I ever got out of school was stress.
- I feel that religion was the worst thing that the human race ever created. I feel the U.S. is at fault for a lot of the world's problems.
- School seems to mean that you've already been through enough shit, so other people shouldn't give you any and get you a good job.
- College is extra...q (If you disagree you can talk to me one on one later.)

My mother's childhood, or what I know of it, was very independent. My mother grew up in a small hick town. To me this childhood seemed to be a rarity but you would be surprised at how many people grow up this way. The only thing that was rare about it was the way it affected her. Most people in this circumstance turn into a wise but closed up person. The type of person that would judge you the minute they see you. The type of person I grew into. My mother didn't turn that way she is very wise but she isn't a shut out. My Mom's never really lied to me about anything. Not even the trivial things like Santa or the Easter Bunny. I was told

that there was no such thing as Santa at the age of 4 or 5. This affected the way I looked at the world in that there were a lot of lies out there, things that weren't being told straight.

My mom told me things because she was very young and she was figuring this out herself. Her household consisted of a brother, a mother, and a father. A pretty average set up. Her brother was born when she was 5 or 6 but by then there was too much of an age difference to be real close. Her mother and dad both worked in the post office. They didn't work at the same one. My grandpa worked at the Ann Arbor post office. My grandma worked at their local post office of Milan. Milan is a very small hick town but not the one my mom went to high school in. My grandma was never really close to home. She would stay in town either at work or visiting friends and or family.

My grandma married my grandpa because she was pregnant with a kid. The kid they got married for, died before it was born. So my grandma turned into an ice queen and she became kind of distant from the family, but by the time I showed up she warmed up to the family.

My grandpa was a rocker-type of guy that rode a Harley Davidson and listened to the rolling stones. He was, and still is, a really cool funny guy to little kids and peers, but once you became a teen, or around that age, he would lose interest. So once my mom hit her teen years it got hard, in that my mom had me, but my grandpa liked me because I was little.

Just recently it has been getting weird between us. This whole thing with parenting in my family is how I got my theory on childhood. I believe that the environment you grow up in is more influential than what your parent's taught you. My mom turned into a very independent person because of her mom's absentee and her dad's short attention span. Since I was left alone because my mom was in school, I also became independent. Since my mom had an independent life, she set up an environment that would turn me independent subconsciously.

Another thing I realized is that the human race is one the most rancid evil species in the world. I have been trying to think up a theory on how we act the way we do as compared to the way we did before all this technology, and I believe I have it or at least a beginning to the reason to our over all actions in this world. I think that at one point we had a purpose but we have strayed and our subconscious is now trying to destroy us. It's leading us to believe that the things that we do are good for us, but when you really look at it, it's killing us.

If you haven't realized, all the things that have recently happened, have been to kill people. There is more disease popping up around the world that is created by us. We have even started wars over nothing.

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The main reason we are making all these things is that we can get more money, an institution that we created once we started to mass colonize the world, which I believe is when we started to stray from our original path.

There is a small percent of people that are working to get us back to where, we as a race, finally react with the rest of the world the way we were supposed to. This small percentage is always beat down because the majority has power and if they followed that trend of thinking, they would lose that power. The human race will run it self into the ground and it will kill anything that tries to stop it. I think that we should be eradicated. That small percent of people that are doing the right thing are not worth the possibility of the human race getting off track because of the damage it did to the world. This has been mulling over and over in my head for quite a while. This is one of my most resent theories and one of the things that is **always running** through my head. More proof appears **every day** and it makes me disappointed that I'm human. These two theories have both been based on the subconscious because that's what I've been trying to pry into. The way your subconscious makes you try to **recreate** your childhood for your child. The way your subconscious tries to right a wrong by eradicating ourselves by using us. That's bloody long isn't it?



"If voting could change anything it would be illegal." -Anarchist proverb

*"I'm just going to vote for the lesser of two evils."
-my mom*

It's voting session again. Fuck, I hate this shit. Two choices, none of which benefit anybody. Ok, ok, I take it back, the very wealthy will benefit if someone gets voted the president, oh and all those lovely corporations. But you and me, not really.

Last time around the green party had Nader, which would have been nice. I ended up voting for what's his name, the guy who's not Bush and not Nader, the democrat, you know.. fucking Gore. Any way I felt bad about it later cuz he won in Michigan by a lot and I should'a voted green, (not that it would have made much difference). But I had a bad felling about Bush the second, and hey looket that I was right. Two fucking

wars later and just about every progressive group that had been getting cash from the government gets their funding cut. Everyone's broke or un-employed and we still rely on oil. Huh go figure, capitalism.

Before I get started let me point out two things.

1) I'm using the word "we" when I'm talking about the United States of America. A lot of people who disagree with the u.s. like to say "them". I don't do this because I fucking pay taxes. And As much as I wish I wasn't, I'm actively supporting the state by living here and having a job and buying food and gas. So even if I'd like to disengage myself from the u.s., I can't, so it's "we" not "them". It just seems untruthful to sound like I'm not part of the system when I'm very much ingrained in it. 2) I'm talking about voting, but not all voting. Strictly speaking, when I say something about voting or the election, I'm only talking about the presidential election. I firmly support voting on a local level and actually **think** it works and makes sense. I vote without fail in every local election. I helped get Washtenaw community collage a new building a few years ago. It was cool, I voted for it and six months later I was taking a class in a brand new classroom. You can actually see things change when you vote local. To bad most of my friends don't bother. To bad the punks don't vote in force we could really fuck thing up. But that's locally, presidential elections, uhhg.

This voting thing just seems like such a lose lose situation. Not only do you get a choice between two complete and total fucking assholes, but yer vote doesn't matter any way. As we all saw last time it's all in the hands of the electoral collage. The other guy won last time, they recounted and he won, but eh, no George Bush gets to be president. And while I like the idea of a third party it doesn't really matter. No matter how many people vote for a third party, there's no way he's going to win because the electoral collage is made up of democrats and republicans who aren't gonna vote against the parties that gave them their jobs. I do like the idea of voting for a third party so they can get the 15% needed to debate the other two and make them look stupid on tv. But regardless of how stupid the big parties look, no third parties gonna win. All these folks trying to change thing legally at lest as on that magnitude are just wasting their time as far as I'm concerned. Complete and total restructuring of the entire system is the only thing that's gonna change anything enough, but uh, for some reason I don't think that's gonna be on the ballet any time soon.

So this year the obvious person to vote for is the democrat, right, John Kerry. And the number one reason to voice for him is, he's not bush. Fuck if that's not the only reason to vote for that guy. But really is that even a worthwhile decision. Lets look at this; he's extremely wealthy, just like bush. And just like Bush will probably

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use the presidency to make him even wealthier. He's white, male, Christian, and American, just like Bush. Both of those guys went to Yale within years of each other. Both were in the same secret society, which depending on yer level of paranoia means different things. On one side it means absolutely nothing and could be equated to them being members in the same book club, members of the same gym, or both played baseball in high school. It is just a coincidence and doesn't affect anything. On the other hand, some people say those secret societies in college are something you join for life and can give you a lot of advantages if you do what they need you to do. Basically that those kinds of secret societies are very powerful and have a lot of say in government and in putting people who are members of their club into powerful positions and using that persons position to benefit their own needs. I don't know if that's true. I know that secret societies at the U of M have a lot of power over the U of M. and the U of M has a lot of power over Ann Arbor, which has more than its fair share of power over Michigan, which is part of the U.S. I don't know how much sway these things have. It suspicious though, that every president seems to have been in a secret society in college. Even more suspicious is the fact that every president in U.S. history was a Free Mason (which is an adult secret society) except Kennedy. I'd say, that secret societies have more power than other people would, but again I don't know. I do know that I would expect two fools from the same one to act more the same than more different. Another thing, did you know Kerry and Bush are related? It goes way back and I haven't done the research to figure out how far back but isn't that interesting.

People who get offended when you say both parties are the same like to point out a few "Major differences between the democrats and the republicans." It's only about five or so but among them are women rights, the environment, education, and currently "the war".

First, no president has ever done nearly enough for the environment or even really moved forward at all. I mean we still use oil right. And both parties support organizations like the WTO, IMF, and the FTAA/NAFTA, which all help to remove environmental laws already in place (and labor laws/human rights/non capitalist run governments etc..) nobodies tried to lower the use of cars, nobodies tried to increase recycling, or moved toward the use of non fossil fuels energy (unless you count nuclear) nobodies tried to move this countries food source away from meat. (And yes you fucking idiot, eating meat is extremely bad for the environment, and it has nothing to do with killing animals. I could write a column, but I won't, just consider how much water and edible food gets fed to an animal so it can grow big enough to be killed and how many people that dead

animal could feed in comparison to how many people could have eaten the food that was consumed by the animal during its entire life). Anyway, nobody's done much of anything. Some of you might be thinking, "But what about Act so and so, and environmental law whatever." Fuck, no party did those. All those laws are due to people in grassroots organizations actually mobilizing for years before the government was like, oh yeah, save the planet, good idea. And everybody's always complaining about Bush and the republicans wanting to cut down forest in Alaska so thin can drill for oil. Well, during Clinton's entire term U.S. corporations actually did bulldoze rainforest in southern and central America and of course none of the U.S. environmental laws have any effect down there while if Bush actually did bulldoze Alaska at least we would have those.

What about education? I remember one of Clinton's plans, the Spork. A Spork is one of those half spoon half fork things. Yeah the good old spork routine. That mother fucker suggested that schools start using sporks at school lunches as a way for them to save money. So they wouldn't have to buy two utensils and could spend the rest on things schools don't have money for. He didn't suggest that the U.S. budget should be altered so that schools could get more money. He didn't suggest that the military budget could be lowed a fraction and spent on education. He didn't suggest that congress use sporks. No, he fucking suggested that basically schools should become more thrifty. And sure less plastic utensils means less wasted resources but the very idea that a president would tell schools to budget better instead of finding a way to get them more money is just absurd and insulting. His underlining message was "fuck schools they're not getting shit and they better figure out their problems on their own. Use a fucking spork." Aside from that it was under his rule that schools started to be sold to corporations, and I think he even supported that shit.

Oh, and how about the Clinton/Democrat welfare reform. Was it tens of thousand or hundreds of thousands of people who lost their services? Didn't really matter though cuz the economy was good right? And now that its tanked all those restrictions are still in place. Good thing they planed ahead.

These are all small examples; don't think my opinion is solely based on something as trivial as sporks. Amanda (the editor) would kill me because it would be a really long column if I went through every thing fucked up that the democrats have done. These are just examples to give people the right idea. There are books on this shit. I'm just pointing out a few things. Like did you know every war we've ever been in except the two Iraq wars and the one in Afghanistan have been under a democratic president?

See pick any side and your fucked. While

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republicans tend to fuck everyone over in front of you, democrats do it on the sly. Take this war we're in. pretty bad shit huh? Kerry says he'll pull the U.S. troops out. I don't think he will, but even if he did, so what. U.S. pulls out and suddenly people stop dying. No. U.S. soldiers stop dying but not Iraqis. I would rather have U.S. troops dying over there if people are gonna be dying. I mean if people are getting killed it should be Americans. It makes it real for us fat hateful fucks over here on the other side of the globe. It makes it risky and gives us a reason to get shit straightened out in the mid east. If U.S troops aren't getting killed, U.S. people will stop paying attention. Just like we don't pay attention to anywhere else when we aren't being killed. Fucking torched prisoners is a big deal now huh. Um, School of Americas any one, training South American soldiers to torture and assassinate dissidents back in their own countries. Clinton never tried to stop that, even with all the public outcry. Uh, fucking C.I.A, death squads in Columbia, Mexico, Argentina, Brazil, Cuba, etc. Clinton never tried to stop those either. Don't ever fucking forget that Clinton's eight years of sanctions in Iraq killed more people than both of the Bush's wars combined.

Now, there is one issue where the republicans and democrats actual differ. Abortion, and it's a pretty

important issue too. Democrats are for it, republicans are against it. Pretty cut and dry. Now if this one issue is enough to cause you to vote one way or another I understand. I don't know if it's enough for me, I almost feel like that issue should get it's support and strength almost entirely in the streets at demos and protests. I fell like that's where the most work has been done for that issue anyway. But I could be entirely wrong, I mean all the protest doesn't amount for shit unless someone at the top is listening I guess. I do fell that neither party has really moved in the right direction concerning this issue. If we spent more time and funding on education and training for thing like sex ed, and contraception and teaching women and men how to have sex and not get pregnant the issue of legality would become a moot point. We can build spaceships we should be able to make a contraceptive that is safe and fool poof. If the U.S. wanted to we could make it so almost no one gets pregnant with out wanting to there for never having to make a choice. That would make abortion almost a non-issue. To bad that's not even a topic of conversation amongst the democrats or republicans.

So that's that as far as the democrats go. I really could go on about them being evil lying, murdering scum, I could talk about Afghanistan, Rwanda, more Iraq, China, NAFTA, all of South America, Mexico

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(which is not part of South America you fuck), WTO, Israel, Palestine, Seattle...I could go on but lets talk about the other candidate.

It's in all the news, corporate news even. Bush is a puppet, but an evil fucking puppet with a lot of power. I want to see him out of office really bad. But guess what? I don't think it's going to happen. He has too much power and his opponents have no spine. Remember this is the guy who already lost one election but still ended up the president. This guy already scammed one election, why wouldn't he scam a second. (And maybe a third or forth too.) The same group that ran the elections in Florida will be doing most of the country this year. And while computer voting has raised some issues about not having anything solid to back up the votes in case there is a problem. There is still gonna be a lot of fucking computer voting machines cuz it's the "information age" and Americans have an enormous amount of faith in those things and wont start to worry until it's to late. And if controlling the voting booth doesn't look like it's going to be enough, Bush can always call the elections off because the country is in a "state of crisis". He has the power to do that you know. Lincoln almost did during the civil war but decided against it. I don't think the bush administration would go that route, it's too obvious, but they could.

Also I would not be surprised in the slightest if conveniently, right before elections the United States experiences another "terrorist attack". Which will kill a lot of average Joe Americans and be blamed though some shaky evidence on, oh I don't know, Saudi Arabia, Palestine, maybe even U.S. Anarchist. Of course in reality the United States government will be actually responsible. We all know that September 2001 saved Bush form being the biggest joke of a President since that one who stood in the rain giving his state of the union address for hours, then died of pneumonia two days latter. I mean two airplanes saved Bush's ass just think of what another "attack" could do to the election. I wouldn't put it passed those fuckers for a second. It wouldn't shock me at all if part of the American government in order to help Bush stay in power, kills American civilians. They already said a few weeks ago that they think there is going to be a "terrorist attack" this summer. And while they've made predictions before and nothing ever happened, wouldn't it be convenient if this time it did. Right around late October maybe. And what do you think, trains this time, more airplanes, fertilizer bombs, mustard gas in a shopping mall, or a stolen tank. Hey! How'd you steal that tank? With x-acto blades, of course.

So however they decide to fuck up the elections this year, whether canceling them, scamming computers, or killing Americans. I think the election is rigged already and it matters even less this year than it does

normally. But I'll probably be there in November head down voting for Kerry against my better judgment. Then again fuck it, democrats are probably gonna win Michigan anyway, so I'll vote for Nader. And really if Kerry's gonna lose regardless I might as well vote for someone I don't hate. I think, see, I hate this shit. Just watch yourself this summer and, remember, your government can't protect you, but they can get you killed.

-If you're not registered to vote, please don't wait till November to do that. It's really annoying when election time comes around and punks go "I wanna vote, but I'm not registered." It's really easy so just get it done soon ok. You can even register while you're drunk if it makes it any more fun.

- Get the new Spit For Athena CD. It's fucking good just as dark and depressing, as there other stuff but it's an actual CD instead of that burned copy they keep selling. Remixed stuff from their CD-R and some new songs including one about s.i.d.s. Which I think is awesome. They're hard to catch at shows so you might have to order one from: eyeball records, po box 1653, Peter Stuyvesant Station, New York, NY 10009. (www.eyeballrecords.com) Also Half Day Records is a sweet record label, send for their catalog. I picked up an ADDC/ Giant Bags of Weed split seven inch and have been listening to it for a month. Sloppy southern punk about the revolution of the heart n' such. Of the two I like the ADDC side better, Josh Mayfield is one of the best lyricists out there. (He also sings in Queer Wulf.) They put out the Allergic to Bullshit seven inch too, which is brilliant. Write them at: PO Box 3381, Bloomington, IN, 47402

- My record label just released The New Crime Icons CD send \$7.00 ppd to No!No records, 807 north main st., ann arbor, MI, 48104

-punk week's a coming, be there or I'll kill you. As usual you can contact me at bad ideas or e-mail me at redjdjosh@hotmail.com but I won't return your e-mails.

- Fuck yes, Reagan will have been dead for about a month when you read this, doesn't it feel nice.

CRASH

I came home at 4:30 in the morning from working fifteen+ hour days at a three-day rock 'n roll festival in Detroit. I walked in to two crusty kids and their dog hanging-out with my housemate, who was

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black-out drunk. I managed to get 5-6 hours sleep before I was "invited" to a business lunch at Joe's Crab Shack.

I'm self-employed, selling myself to the highest bidder, so as tired as I still was, a free lunch and obtaining the promise of more work is pretty important. I'm feeling consternated at the thought of Joe's Crab Shack™ and try to convince my associates to go to a cozy, locally-owned alternative. To no avail. What followed was so much of what's wrong with America... in the microcosm of the franchised restaurant.

Safety, a colleague and a good friend, and I were meeting our then mutual employer. I love seafood, free seafood even more, so I kept my anti-corporate grumbling to a minimum. Then we entered.

The first thing I noticed was the junk. Kitsch is not a strong enough word. Every surface was covered with random stuff. Skis, plastic lizards, old signs, broken musical instruments, you name it. Everywhere a carefully contrived chaos. Over the Buffet (I think it was a buffet) they had a life-size Howdy-doodie riding a great white shark. I wondered at the slick marketing types who designed and executed this display. All motion and no direction; as if you could impress people with the sheer amount of visual noise you shoved at them all at once. I wasn't impressed. (On a side note: I guess this practice is pretty common amongst mainstream American dining. T.G.I.Friday's and Applebee's do it as well.)

That wasn't the worst of it. All this crap was covered with multicolored strings of lights. Everything, glowing. Imagine the inside of a Wal-mart decorated like a house at Christmas time. I guess they thought it made all the shit that much more impressive. I ordered some tropical drink made with 99 proof liquor and some stupid name from a movie from our tanned, perky waitress.

I couldn't help myself, "What's with all the...Stuff?" I asked.

"Yeah, it's pretty...interesting, huh?"

"No, it's not. That's the problem."

She recounted for our table stories of random patrons before us would want to buy some tchocky or knick-knack off the wall. When she would tell them the mandated "no" some would start to offer her more and more money for the seemingly useless trash; more that she'd make in a whole shift sometimes. I told her next time to do it.

A short while after we ordered our food I witnessed the penultimate in professional humiliation.

Up until now the background music was the usual bad Rod Stewart review, but luckily the discussion of work kept my mind from really hearing it. Then, out of nowhere- sirens, cop lights; the volume on the sound system jumped 20 dB (3x as loud) as

The Chicken Dance blared throughout the restaurant.

Now, I hate the chicken dance. I'll hustle, I'll even hokey-pokey, but I WILL NOT CHICKEN DANCE, no matter how drunk I am. So imagine my chagrin as 8 employees, including our so very congenial server, formed a train and chicken-danced around the place. Not once, not twice, but **four** times! The abject boredom was so naked on their faces it made me uncomfortable!

The humiliation was disgusting. These peoples job was to prepare and serve our food, which can be demeaning itself. I can't even contemplate the disposition of a patron who would actually enjoy seeing them being made to dance for our amusement. But there they were, three tables away, laughing amongst themselves and clapping along. It seemed to drag on-and-on so long I downed my cocktail in two slurps and hid my face in the sleeve of my hoodie. I was embarrassed for them.

When the debacle finally ended our server came back to bring us our food. I could not let it go. I had to ask.

"How many times a shift do you have to do that?"

"Well, tonight's slow (it was a Monday), so only once, but on like a weekend three or four times."

"Do they let you do a shot before you come out?"

"God I wish!" she said.

I couldn't believe it. On the busiest nights in a "popular" restaurant with a bar having to drop everything to dance for the crowd of overstuffed suburbanites in that circus of excess. Six and a half hours into your eight hour shift for \$2.25 an hour! Not to mention finishing all your side work. I'd have killed somebody. And burnt it to the ground.

On the way out I looked at the area the restaurant was in. It was one of many prefab constructs in the area; a Meijer's, a Best Buy, maybe a Bed, Bath, and Beyond in the distance. The whole area was so terraformed and landscaped it was difficult to tell what had been there before. A pasture, maybe a forest. Hell, a whole stream maybe, bulldozed and paved so well-to-do proletariat like us could gorge ourselves on freeze-dried crab legs while working people just a few rungs below us on the social ladder ambled for our entertainment in the midst of one of the hardest jobs ever.

It's not the food we paid for. It was awful anyway. What we paid for was to be kings and queens, feasting in a monument to our futile lifestyle while the whole world danced at our feet. A minstrel show for the 21st century.

This is America. I've seen these things in Florida, Chicago, and the hell that is Ohio. People from all over go to these places, and places like them. "They" are building more of them every day. And people come

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from all over to work at them. Joe's Crab Shack™®© is the best Friday night some can imagine. For some I'm sure it's a goal not yet achieved - a birthday or an anniversary; some special event to be photographed and remembered fondly. They, you know *them*, live for this shit.

Me, I pray for Armageddon.



The Military. Those two words alone I'm sure are conjuring forth images of gray and olive drab, sensations leaning towards anger, resentfulness and hate. That's what I first experience when I hear or read those clanging, soulless, mechanical words. The military is the largest organization on U.S. soil today, and, though the right hand man of our government, it is by far more powerful. A threatening thought to be sure. They infiltrate our society and spy on us, come to protests and undermine our right to free speech, raid the homes of and kill innocent people (Ruby Ridge: in the early 1990's a woman in her bath robe was shot on her porch with her infant in her arms), suppress those held in suspicion of terrorism, spending the money earned by working class while corralling them into an unconscious form of slavery. Yes, this must be why those words provoke so many negative thoughts and images. I didn't even spell out their most obvious and frequent crimes against humanity; war and torture. The lot of them remain faceless and unable to be held accountable for their own actions, they are simply following an interpretation of their order(s). Failure to do so could incur dismissal, SIR.

So who are these people who voluntarily join this heinous group of power hungry oppressors? Why would any one what to ally themselves with such filth?

Poor, undereducated Americans. That is who joins the military. People who had a hard time staying out of trouble as youths. People who have drug problems and want to teach themselves discipline. People whose family have always joined the military and don't realize that it is not the only way to live "right". People who don't have the money for college, but want a better life. People who come from a small town and need immediate employment, where homelessness is simply not tolerated, or even an option, as poor rural people don't waste like prosperous, or even improvised cities do. The people who sign their lives away to become soldiers are mostly people who are incapable of finding a sense of

direction for themselves due to personal motivations or situational factors. The military provides them with an education, a home, a job, travel opportunities, retirement, health benefits, all those things that are basic needs for surviving in our modern society. To people who feel they have no other choice, it is a great option.

Of course, there are true patriots who really believe that they are helping to uphold freedom. As they shoot at enemy soldiers, their thoughts are with their families and how glad they are to be clearing the world of threats and dangers to defend their loved ones and even strangers. Yes, there are surely people who enter into the military who really just want to kill people. No one said that humans are exempt from having predatory instincts, after all, we are naturally omnivores- though it certainly doesn't justify their blood lust. Yes, there are people who join because they want to run up the ranks and become the fattest pig at the trough, though I have a tendency to believe that they are bribed and corrupted much like wealthy and or ambitious college students are by politicians. In any event, it is a fraction like every other group of society, full of honest, hardworking people, and lying scum who feed and grow fat both literally and figuratively from the hard working people around them. The people in the military are just as we are. Human.

What, you are likely wondering, am I trying to say?

I am not defending them, but I cannot allow for them to be condemned. When staring into a crowd of people dressed and shaved to appear as one, see it for the tactic it is. Don't fight the crowd with raging shouts and rocks. All that brings is tear gas. Use their tactics. Evolve. See the individual. When you lump them all together as a single force of mindless and oppressive, anonymous bodies, you hand them the power of mass. There is surely power in numbers. But when you pull them aside one by one, you look into their eyes long enough without hate in your own, you will unnerve them. They lose their sense of anonymity and become less connected with their sense of groupthink. When they are seen as the human they are, they feel it. They lose their sense of unaccountability for their actions. They remember you, like them are flesh. The more human you help them feel, the less able they are to desensitize themselves towards the people they are being ordered to oppress.

In a series of studies conducted by P.G. Zimbardo in 1970, a study in which two groups of people were instructed to administer electric shocks to a person taking a test when she gave an incorrect response. Those whose identities were known to the testers gave shocks with half as high a voltage as those people who were allowed to remain anonymous. Another study, conducted by Stanley Milgram at Yale University in 1963

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and 1974 found similar test results. People were instructed to administer shocks at increasing voltages to a learning subject, much as before. This time, the group was given labels at 300 volts, which was labeled "dangerous," and higher still, labeled "extreme intensity shock." The highest level was 450 volts. The shock levels they were instructed to administer increased, beginning at 15 volts. When the people approached 300 they began to hesitate, as the test subject (a paid actor) showed great pain. The experimenter would prompt to go on with phrases such as "Please continue," "The experiment requires that you continue," "It is absolutely essential that you continue," and "You have no other choice, you must go on." At 300 volts, not one single tester stopped. And only after that, when the actor began to kick the wall and scream, did the percentage of those who refused to continue begin to grow. However, 65% did not stop at all. They went on to the full 450 volts. 65%! 65%! They were all anonymous to the test subject/actor. They were unaware, also, that **this was an actor**. There are only people volunteering in an experiment that they can walk away from with **out** consequence. Imagine people whose jobs, children, wives, and ailing parents depend on their ability to follow orders. Hmm.

Yes use their tactics. Infiltrate. Take away the security of a soldier's, or a policeman's, or a riot cop's anonymity as an organ in a body or a cog in a machine. INFILTRATE. Make them human by **being** human. Make them look you in the eye. Make them **understand**. After all, they may very well even agree with what you have to say if it's put in the right light.



Mission to Mars

By Justin Brewer

Assisted by leading Mars expert, Jamie Zapor

In the interest of sustaining human life, it's foreseeable that one day, the earth, our present home, may no longer provide a safe haven in an otherwise lifeless void of space. In order to survive, human beings may have to consider seeking refuge on other planets in our solar system. Which is why NASA scientists have announced they are now taking measures to create prototypes for living environments on Mars. What will this mean to the people of Earth? Well, nothing really. Unless you happen to be one of the few richest billionaires on the planet, a brilliant scientist, or a total slut with a really good coke connection.

It would seem that the average Joe is getting fucked over again. Which is why I present to you: Traveling to Mars on a Shoestring.

Chapter One: Getting There

Lower class citizens have an advantage here that they may not realize, dumpster diving. NASA has so much taxpayer money that if something is scratched or faded or just doesn't match the rest of the ship, they'll throw it away. With patience and determination you can find everything you need to build your own space shuttle right there in the trash. So what if your crew doesn't have matching flight suits or zero gravity boots that fit, at least you'll get there.

Also, don't forget to bring along a team of glass blowers, to construct our futuristic, "City of Glass" out of the Martian sand. Everything will have a beautiful amber tinge to it. It's gonna be rad.

Chapter Two: Sustaining Life on a Limited Budget

This is where the lower class will have a **chance** to show the strength of their character and resourcefulness when faced with the harsh conditions on Mars. What will those rich fuckers do when something goes wrong (or we sabotage some of their equipment) and their science advisors are sick in bed with syphilis from the coke whores? I'll tell you, they'll piss and moan and shit and fall back in it. Meanwhile, we can all laugh our asses off and go about our business of setting up our organic greenhouses and harvesting water from the icecaps. We know how to deal with syphilis.

Chapter Three: Take Full Advantage

Away from the security of earth, the rich elite are sitting ducks after we've established ourselves along side them, or even more so if we get there first. This is where good old fashion street fighting will give us the upper hand. All earth laws no longer apply. Under Martian law, it's every man for himself and those rich fuckers will finally get what they deserve. Relish in the moment. Take time to breathe in (with your hand-made oxygen tank) the irony of the situation. Here you are, on an otherwise uninhabitable planet, finally overthrowing the ones responsible for making your original home planet, the one you came into existence on, uninhabitable. Show them no mercy. Seriously, Show Them No Mercy! For instance, when you rip off a body part, take a moment to hold it over your head and announce your victory. Be creative. You can do whatever you want to them, just make sure that they are dead when you're finished (and still fit for eating).

Chapter Four: Worst Case Scenario

The only real concern to keep in mind is not surviving in the long run, but the biggest disappointment would be if we never make it to Mars in the first place. It's very likely that the rich will have more advanced weapons than we will and they could destroy us at any time. We might not even make it off the

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ground, but hey, it's worth a try. What else are we going to do? If we fail, big fucking deal, we would have died anyway. At least this will be more interesting. And if they do kill us before we can kill them, fuck em'. We can die with confidence knowing that soon after they're settled on Mars, they'll be incessantly attacked by all the ghosts and crust devils that haunt the fissures and underground caverns just like in that movie...um...it was "something Mars"...I'm pretty sure it was directed by John Carpenter. Good flick. Anyway, In closing, keep looking to the future no matter how dismally bleak or blindingly bright it may be. Either way, I love you.

Sincerely,
Charles Eggsavior
(a scientist who lost his grant)



So, now that we've got all our **friends** coming to our house shows, how do we **communicate our ideas** (the supposed function of all art) to people we don't already know? I know it's fun to have our incestuous little parties, but how do we transcend preaching to the converted? Now that over 1,200 of the nation's radio stations (that's over 70% of the market, and not counting various front companies) are owned by Houston based conglomerate, Clear Channel, which uses a completely homogenized nationwide play list, completely ignores local music and culture everywhere, that option would seem to be all but closed.

Fortunately, we in Ann Arbor have an excellent student run college radio station, WCBN at 88.3 FM. Unfortunately, they broadcast only one 2-hour local music show per week. The content of which is solely determined by station manager Jason Voss, who has very particular, though in my humble opinion not particularly good, taste. (Here's a hint: call up and request some weird shit 9-11 PM, Wednesdays!) Most freeform DJs at CBN will be more than happy to play requests for any records they might have down there, so if you've got something you want played on the radio it's not a bad idea to make a donation to there collection. The station is located in the basement of the U of M Student Activities Building on the corner of E. Jefferson and Maynard. So that's a start in our community, but it's still not very far reaching.

And speaking of records, I think any reasonably intelligent individual doesn't need a high profile

study to tell them that file sharing isn't killing the RIAA, it's the fact that they put out one to many lousy records. So let's make our own! That satanic pinko file sharing boogey man is a great low cost form of direct marketing and distribution for independent bands and labels. Provide some free downloads on your site, and if people really wanna pay for the hard copy with all the artwork and liner notes and such, you can order it and have it delivered directly by mail. I know, however, that less than half of the population, including myself, have easy Internet access, and even if you do, you already have to know what you're looking for. So how do we inform potentially interested people as to our presence?

Play some shows damn it! Live music is quickly becoming a dying (and Clear Channel) form. As Josh Sanchez accurately pointed out in his column in the previous issue of Bad Ideas, bars age restrictions are, well, restrictive. But the Blind Pig and the Elbow Room do have some element of a built in crowd who'll be there to see anything, although that's still a pretty static demographic. Having been a member of a band that has, for the past few years, played almost exclusively local shows, I've come to realize that this is no way to build an audience following, scene, movement, or anything other than comfortable stagnation. Now I realize that touring isn't cheap or easy, and many of us have other responsibilities such as jobs, school, rent and even kids (shit!) But if you are serious about spreading ideas around in this medium, sometimes we might have to make some sacrifices. That's what all of the early 80's Hard-Core bands in this country did, starting from scratch. While of course the majority of these kids where not as "successful" at getting the word out, look how many kids today are still wearing Black Flag, Misfits, Minor Threat, and DK T-shirts. Even though most of those bands broke up twenty years ago, they are still influencing subsequent generations. And they gained that original notoriety by touring. Now, I don't want to regress by pining for the "good old days" I wasn't there to experience. There are lessons to be learned, but the world is different now, so let's move on.

Josh also made a good point when he said that one of the reasons that the 3rd annual Punk Rock Dance Party (rrghahh!...hurts...to...type...that...aahgh!) at South Town in Kalamazoo last winter was so kick ass was the diversity of the bands that played, including New Crime Icons (K-Zoo), McQueen, Bantha Fodder, Hairy Drain Babies (A-Squaredville), Spit for Athena (Coldwater), and Death in Custody (Detroit). And that's true as far as sub genres within the sub genre of Punk Rock goes. We need to do better than that. I don't know about you, but when I'm at home, I don't want to listen to one type of music exclusively, so why would I want to see a show with only one type of music being played? We need to build bridges between other members of the

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creative community outside of this extremely exclusive and restrictive scene. I know this kind of cooperation has to come from both sides, but is it really too much to ask to be able to go to see punk, hip-hop, folk, electronic, reggae, rockabilly, metal, R&B, noise rock, bluegrass, or ANY other type of music at the same show? Maybe it's even something that I don't necessarily like, but some body does, and chances are they'll dig SOMETHING else that I do too. We have to be a more open-minded audience. Who knows, you might just accidentally broaden your horizons. If we're gonna make any progress, we have to get out there in the world and mix it up. Otherwise we're only doing it for our own amusement, and what fun is that really?



I look at events - like shows, parties, and protests - as unique incidents located in space and time. Checking the dictionary, I found some boring definitions for the word event, like "Something that takes place; an occurrence." Or "a significant occurrence or happening." But I liked most the definition for event that has to do with physics: "A phenomenon or occurrence located at a single point in space-time."

With any event, the organizer has the opportunity to create a unique and temporary phenomenon in space and time-something that has never happened before and will never happen again. I think this is why I have such strong memories of my favorite shows or parties: not just because the DJs or bands were good, or because all my friends were there or I met some amazing people, but because the totality of the event was so distinct from most of my everyday experiences. While there is something to be said for trying to experience one's life as a succession of these transcendent experiences, I would like to focus on looking at events as a way to create spaces which encourage people to re-evaluate their approaches to things they take for granted, mostly their relationships with structures of power. These types of events I would call "transformative," in that they ideally lead to a permanent change in the way people interact with each other or with the world.

The reason I'm writing this is because for most of life I've been at events that are essentially non-transformative, basically events that don't challenge any basic structures or forces of oppression or injustice in any way.

One example of this is most political rallies, where a speaker talks at an audience from a stage through an amplified sound system. In such a situation, hierarchy and passivity are reinforced rather than challenged in any way. Attendees are not encouraged to express themselves through words or actions, they are passive receptors or an organization or individual's ideas.

Another example is most concerts. From start to finish, most concerts (for "bigger" bands) are mediated by hierarchy and capitalism. Tickets are bought through a third-party distributor, the venue is run by faceless and nameless people, and the band plays on a stage far removed from the audience.

These events end up serving as mediating agents for the system. This means that rather than inciting people to rise up and create their own destinies and realities, they instead merely give people the opportunity to vent and let off steam in a tightly controlled environment. These kinds of events are positive only if they serve as introductions or gateways to people getting involved in more radical types of organizing. It could be argued that a political rally is only worth it the extent to which people get involved in organizing in their own communities- and a rock show is only positive if it makes people start their own bands or organize shows on their own.

But the envelope must be pushed continuously. Radical-ness and relevant is relative. For me, once I realized the importance of considering certain ethical, economic, and social issues in putting on events, be they parties, rallies, shows, or whatever, the bar gets set that much higher and the challenge became how to further break down hierarchy and other manifestations of the system at these events and in their organization. The question is, how to take an event, a unique incident in space and time, and make that unique incident have lasting tangible positive effects outside of that artificially created space? How to extend the feeling of empowerment of a radical direct action or the sense of community of a punk show into the rest of one's life? Because for me, it's only this that makes events worth putting on. Events should serve as bridges: between communities, between ideas and reality, and between times in one's life.

So events should break down manifestations of capitalism and hierarchy. Buthow?

Practicalities:

First off, money. The first thing to consider regarding money is whether the event should be free or cost money. A free event is ideal because it completely eliminates the economic limitation and, theoretically, makes the event accessible to all economic classes. Of course social realities will limit this as well. Also, sometimes reality

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steps in. We live in a capitalist world and people need to eat and we've got bills to pay. Touring bands need money for gas and food. Artists need money too and (in my opinion) we should be developing a network of capital so that activists and artists don't have to work shit jobs to get by and do our creating and organizing in what little spare time we have. All too often though, the money taken in at an event is put towards people's pockets or for-profit organizations. I think every show should either be 1. free, 2. cheap and the money only goes towards paying the artists and covering costs, or 3. cost some bucks but be a benefit for a good cause. Even if there's a cover it should be sliding scale to accommodate those with lower incomes.

Venue.

Where is this event going to be? The physical space defines the event to a large extent. Students of U of M can get some university rooms for free but this can be alienating to many non-students (and students that don't like school) and the lighting often sucks. Never try to do a hip-hop show in a classroom, for fuck's sake. Bars or typical concert venues can be good cause they'll likely have a sound system but they will limit the age of people who can come, and then you need to pay the bar and that's just more money funding the system. The best venues for radical events are community spaces run by people you know and trust. They will be more flexible and support from the venue is crucial to putting on a successful event. Unfortunately with the loss of the Tech Center there are no spaces like this in Ann Arbor save people's living rooms/basements. The closest thing is the 555 Gallery in Ypsi.

In a more general sense, the physical layout of the space is important. A large space can accommodate more people but won't feel as intimate as a small venue. It's important to consider this: do you want to expose new ideas and forms of expression to a large amount of people or create an intimate setting that caters to an already existing community? Are people going to be sitting or standing? Having no chairs, for example, can help break down patterns of interaction learned in school. If there's a band or DJ, will they play on a stage or level with the audience? Having a stage immediately creates a barrier between what's on stage, and what's off stage. Sometimes it's cool to have a stage, but it can also create a hierarchy where the performers are viewed as better or more important than other people, and also passivity where people feel comfortably removed from what's going on on stage. This is nice for a film screening where there really is no possibility for interaction but not so good for a hip-hop or punk show, both of which thrive on closeness between the performers and the audience. Also, there are lots of improv theater performances which really break down the barrier between performer/audience even though they're on a

stage. So it's not necessarily the stage so much as what's done with it.

Alcohol

I think alcohol should be an option rather than a given at an event. There are many situations where alcohol is fine. And I would have serious problems about making a rule that people can't drink. But I've also been in many situations where, due to one thing or another, there was no alcohol, and it really changed the atmosphere of the event.

Another important part is who you are trying to aim this event at. This can be a tricky thing to consider. Do you want the same old folks to come to the event? Ok if it's your band or a potluck in your backyard. But what if it's a touring artist whose message should be heard by a much broader range of people? Then the organizer has a responsibility to do what it takes to make sure that folks outside of their typical social circles hear about this event.

Also, all this assumes that there has to be a performer at all? Why not have an event with a totally unexpected theme or idea? The mixtape trade party is a good example of this. Everybody makes a mixtape and trades up with other folks. Or a potluck. Or get together and make art with your friends. I think that people are just totally terrified of genuine human interaction, and lots of events do nothing to break down that aspect of our culture. There are always buffers between people: even at a bar (most) people need to be drunk in order to relax enough to be able to spend time with their friends, which is fucked up. Why not have an event where people get together and just stare at each other for a while? Or aren't allowed to talk at all about work or school? Randomly assigned seating at a potluck so you don't talk to the same people. Open mics where everyone who comes has to perform in some way. It might be uncomfortable, but that's not necessarily a bad thing. There are so many ways of challenging the stale patterns of interaction that we fall into by living our lives in stale patterns of work/school/routine etc.



Car Crash

I saw a minivan flip over today, from out of the blue. Driving to work, down the I-94 service drive in Belleville, which is of course parallel to I-94 itself, the freeway was on my right. Roughly 50 feet down the road from me, from the right side, a minivan flips over

Columns

the fence, onto the service drive. It lands on its wheels, facing the same direction as my car, onto the side of the road, as if it had pulled over after a grenade exploded inside of it. I stopped my car before getting too close. Self-conscious of the fact that I may see death there, I turned on my flashers, turned off the car, and hesitantly ran to the wreckage.

There was a man dressed in nice clothes and a tie, in his late twenties, who was there already. He asked me if I had a phone by making the phone sign with his hand and saying, "Do you... can - a phone." I nodded Uh-huh and started running back to my car to call an ambulance, but a couple in another car were calling one already. I turned back to the wreckage.

There was a woman in the driver's seat, looking at us, but not really seeing anything. I think she was glad to be alive. She was bleeding in many places, though not badly, it seemed. Her radio was playing Motown, or some Top 40 hits from the 30's or something, real cheesy crap, quite loudly. I said, smiling at her, "You took quite a spill!" trying to be good-natured, figuring she could use a dose of it at the moment. But she only met my eyes with her own gaze, not blinking, her head wavering back and forth along with the rest of her body. She was holding her bleeding hand away from her but not resting it on anything, just suspending it a couple inches from her stomach. In short, she was fucking in shock. It looked like she was caught under some broken shit that had trapped her in her seat. When I reached into the car to turn the radio off, the well-dressed man said, "Don't touch anything." Probably a good idea. My arm could have been severed or something.

Her vehicle was clearly beyond hope of repair. All of the windows were broken, glass littering the street, along with several lottery tickets, random bits of broken junk, and garbage that commonly accumulates on car floors. The seats inside were dislodged, nothing was in its place. Inside the van was chaos. It spread to me; all these sights, sounds and smells made my stomach upset and gave me the shakes. I was stunned. I did not know what to do. A crowd was instantly starting to appear. The well-dressed man started picking up the papers and bigger crap on the road, throwing it back through a broken rear window. He was being very helpful, or trying to be, and I thought I should help, but I just backed up, watching him, paralyzed on my feet, wishing I was doing more than what I was doing.

People were starting to ask each other what happened. A redneck woman with three teeth in her bottom row, collected on the right side, and a cigarette in her hand, wearing a dirty t-shirt, was explaining to the nicely-dressed man what had happened very eagerly, but she wasn't making much sense. A tall, young man walked a little ways away, in the direction the van came

off the freeway. I walked in this direction to examine the ground, and saw the tire tracks from where it first left the road, extending about twenty feet diagonally down into the ditch. Then there were no tracks, where I assume it started flipping. It passed through a couple of trees. It flipped over about three or four times, I'm guessing. I only saw the last 90 degrees of the last turn. From where the van left the freeway, to where it now sat on the service drive, must have been a distance of about 40 or 50 feet.

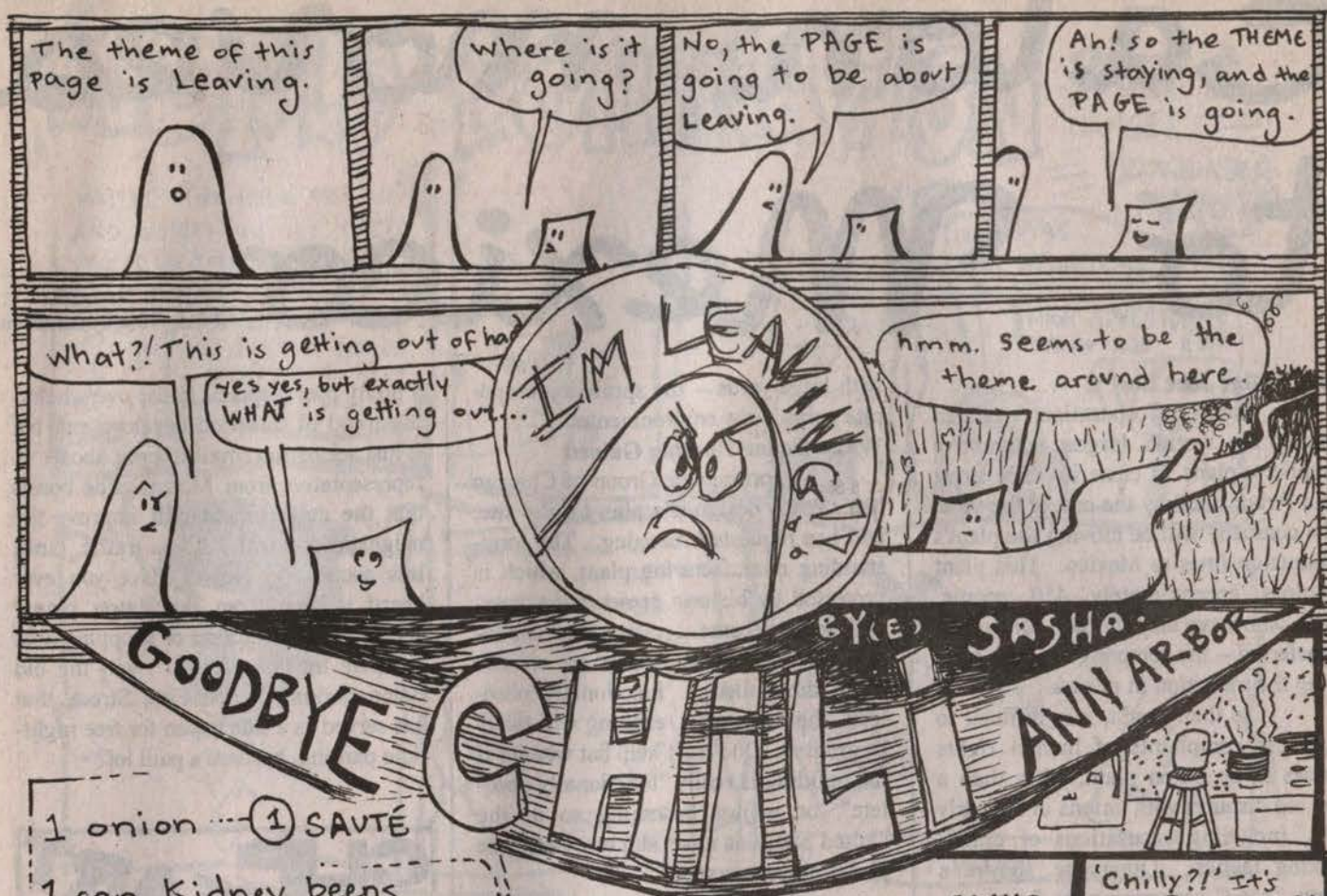
By this time there were about ten or twelve people there, of varying walks of life and skin color, all haphazardly attempting to unite in the cause of lending a hand to this miserable scene. Some were trying to comfort the dazed woman, telling her the ambulance was on its way. The redneck woman was being very comforting, asking the woman in the van, "Can you hear me, honey?" in a gentle voice. Most of them were talking amongst themselves, giving their accounts of the crash, helping a great fucking deal, or at least trying to put forth that impression.

I don't know how much time passed. Eventually the ambulance arrived, along with some police officers. I walked back to my car and continued driving to work.

Glenn Smith
213 1/2 N. Main, Rear Bldg.
Ann Arbor, MI, 48104
constantremix@hotmail.com

**ALL PUNKS
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ST. LOUIS
5 - 25 - 2006**

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in your records,
on your flyers,
in your tags.
P.S. We didn't start this.



1 onion --- ① SAUTÉ

1 can Kidney beans

1 can corn

1 ^{large} can tomato chunks

1/2 cup rehydrated TVP

nutritional yeast

Spices: salt, pepper, garlic, chili powder, etc.

② HEAT
IN POT

③ SEASON

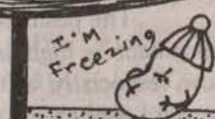
Note: this chili is awesome cause its cheap and easy and fast and delectable. Of course, use fresh ingredients if available, but there's no shame in cans. Simmer for 7-30 min, depending on hunger.

TRUE STORY:

see ya lata, SUCKA



SCREEEE!

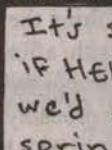


Chili?

'Chilly?!' It's downright COLD!



It's so COLD here, when we sweat, we HAIL...



It's so COLD here, if HELL froze over, we'd go there for spring break!



Hey, weren't you gonna fix us some dinner?



chili?

oh... yum.



Eaton moves to Mexico

by Beth Nagalski
Jynx_90@hotmail.com

Blue Collar Jobs Lost

Eaton Corporation, ranked among the world's largest automotive suppliers, plans to close its First street Ann Arbor plant by the end of the year. The company will be moving the plant's production lines to Mexico. This plant employs approximately 450 people, some who have already been laid off or transferred -- the company has been handling the transition in phases.

To their credit, it is difficult to find any complaints of human rights abuses at an Eaton plant, other than a few old disputes with unions in the early 90's, including accusations of union-busting tactics. Otherwise, they're a pretty "good" corporation, as far as corporations go -- they give grant money to community organizations, and they're even a county "Waste-Knot" partner (they meet a required set of environmental guidelines).

They even pay their employees a decent wage, with starting pay around \$9-\$10/hr, and an opportunity to make upwards of \$15/hr (at the Ann Arbor plant). Maybe they'll treat their employees well in Mexico, too -- of course, to treat them well they'll still only need to pay a small percentage of what they pay their employees here, and a benefits package will be unlikely.

Production lines moving overseas are such old news you'll have a hard time even finding any coverage about the plant closing in the papers. I read about it in the *Business Direct Weekly* -- not exactly mainstream literature. It focused more on the exciting news that Eaton will be opening a new office down S. State Street over I-94. If you've never seen this area, it is the home of the commercial counterpart to huge homes

with huge yards -- the sprawling corporate parks. How environmental.

White Collar Housing Gained

Morningside Group of Chicago has already designed a plan for the site, and has requested rezoning. The long-standing manufacturing plant, which is protected by historic preservation laws, will soon become... overpriced condominiums! Since developers are considering the building "functionally obsolete", the request for rezoning will likely be granted. One can't help but wonder if the building is really "functionally obsolete", or is just becoming so in the United States as more and more of these plants move overseas.

The push for condominium development is high in Ann Arbor right now, especially after the Green Belt passed, and high-density downtown housing will need to increase. According to the *Business Direct Weekly*, these condo's will have an "early price edge" over other developments, since the low end units will go for a measly 300,000 or so. Good thing they're at least replacing the jobs with affordable housing, since so many people will be out of a job and all, they'll probably need it.

Too bad to purchase a condo that costs 280,000 your supposed to have a minimum income of about \$101,000 a year (according to the "housing affordability calculator" found at www.decisionaide.com). The higher end units will go for approximately \$450,000 a year -- don't worry, you're only supposed to make \$152,000 a year to afford those.

The lowest floor of the condo complex will be left open for commercial development -- perhaps a store or a restaurant. This mixed used planning is

a pretty cool response to the overwhelming trend of sprawled development, but it just seems too small to brag about. A representative from Morningside boasts that the development will improve the neighborhood with "...less traffic, [and] less sound..." Noise? Have you ever heard a peep from the Eaton plant? Won't a new restaurant or shopping area increase traffic? And... will the old Eaton parking lot on First Street, that has served as a safe haven for free nighttime parking, become a paid lot?

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LANCEL IS SO LAZY AND
W/O DEPTH I BET WE
VE THINK FOR THE NEXT
TWO PANELS.

THAT WAS
MOST REWARDING.

HIGH ADVENTURE!

RECU...LIV...E

PLOP

DEAR BEEFSTARCH AND
MAD POLITICIAN,
THANK YOU FOR YOUR SID
AS YOU KNOW POTATOS
ARE POWER. I AM AN
EVEL GENIUS AND A
PATRIOT. COME AND
EXPERIENCE E...
-JOHN COMBS-

AND SO THEY WISK...

WELP, YOU SEE, I PREDOMINATELY
HATE ON PROTESTERS. THAT'S RIGHT.
I MAY BE A SIMPLE-MINDED QUARTER-
IRISH IDAHO POTATO GENIUS BUT
THEM TREEHUGGERS AND PROLIFERS-
I MOW THEM

ALLLL
DOWN!

THIS IS MY POTATO-POWERED FLYING COMBINE. I'M
JOHN COMBS - the TATERNATOR! POTATOS IS
FREEDOM! POTATOS IS POWER! ENERGY CRISES?
HA! TO THE BIG APPLE -
GET ON SOME ACTIVISIDE!!

THE SIN! I'M A PATRIOT - I CAN'T
STAND THE SIN. AUTHORITATIVE
QUESTIONERS ARE VILEST FILTH.
WE ELECT OFFICIALS TO DICTATE
OUR MUNDANE LIVES. WAR IS LOVE!

TATERS

WORD BE-YATCH

K3C 9

BAND PHOTOS



This page (clockwise from left): Dara of the Scars at the Blind Pig; Planet X Fest Jr. at the Bad Idea; Daisy May at Crazy Wisdom; Versificators at Reclaim the Streets. *Opposite Page*: Photos from Punk Prom at the Blind Pig, May 30th. That's New Crime Icons at top left.





Packaging the American Waste: Inside and Out

The other day while searching through radio stations, a bostero-pus Christian "new wave" ballad came blaring through my speakers. In my opinion, the was horrible and the lyrics slow and monotonous. So, I began singing along and making fun of it, and in doing that I began laughing at my ridiculousness. It felt good. And I thought....What's the difference between these dorky Christians, so set in their ways, having a good time and my dorky friends, so set in our ways, having a good time? Nothing! Nothing at all. Neither side believes the others truth, both are willing to accept any and all who participate in functions and "preachings". What proof do either of us have that we are wrong or right, or that anyone should do anything we feel or say?

On that note...

In this Ultra-sensitive, modernized American continent, the packaging industry "bends us over backwards" by including excess materials with minimal purpose. Just like today's American people trying to improve their looks via cosmetic surgery, breast enhancement, laser hair and wrinkle removal, liposuction, the Atkins craze, or even gastric bypass surgery. **GBS: A surgery where they place you on a cross-like fixture and open you up to actually bypass the stomach so you will eat less to get just as full. {Usually covered by most health insurance companies}** Packaging has become more and more important than what is being packaged. Christians know this, and I couldn't agree more - that it is senseless.

Ugly people still have the ugly genes, so of course they will still produce ugly offspring. Recently, in China, a man has filed for divorce and is suing a woman for not telling him she had cosmetic surgery before they met, and bore him an "ugly child". The fact is, that if you think that beauty is necessary, then you are still selfish and materialistic, no matter how many surgeries you get. And just like those packages at the store, half of the time, the picture on the outside is nothing like what's on the inside. So let's not worry so much about what we look like and focus on what we are like.

xxxDaFus
suneatmoon@aol.com

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OH SHIT!

A PUNKS GUIDE TO CAR REPAIR

Whether you're a traveling summer punk, in a touring band, or just cruising for some fun, sooner or later you're going to suffer a breakdown. Most of us punks aren't independently wealthy and by choice, circumstance, or luck we're often driving the only heap we could afford, borrow, or steal. You just don't see too many folks with mohawks driving around in Porsches and Escalades with 20 inch rims. If WHEN you break down, you have 2 options: pay someone else a lot of money to get you back on the road, or do the DIY thing and fix that shit yourself! And don't worry about memorizing all the stuff in this article. When you're done reading this feel free to cut it out or copy it and keep a copy in your glove box.

My experience with cars started when I was 20 when I got my first car, a 1980 BMW 320i, which I bought for \$800. One week later I turned the key in the ignition, heard a *click* and then nothing. Hundreds of miles from home, completely broke, I had to learn REAL QUICK how to fix it. Which brings me to my first topic:

OH SHIT! MY CAR WON'T START!

Cars not starting are the most unsettling of car problems. Cars that seemed reliable one day can all of a sudden crap out the next, usually when you needed to be somewhere five minutes ago. You need it fixed, quickly. What do you do?

The most important thing to remember is this: cars need GAS, AIR, and SPARKS to run. Without all three elements, you're not going anywhere. Car engines work by combining gasoline and air and igniting them with a spark of electricity from your battery. This creates tiny explosions that move pistons, which turn crankshafts, which move your wheels. Pretty cool huh?

Anyway, these three things: GAS, AIR, and SPARK, make it easy to figure out why your car won't start – just find the missing element. Did you run out of gas? Is your battery dead? Air filter blocked or clogged? Check these obvious things out first before moving the hard stuff.

HOW TO JUMP START A CAR:

Use this method if any of the following are true:

1. You put the key in the ignition and no lights come on (or are dimmed or weak)
2. You turn the key and your car doesn't start up after a few seconds (and it sounds like it won't start up)

Start with the dead car. Clamp one end of the jumper cables onto the positive battery lead on the dead car, then connect the other end to the positive to the good car. The positive lead will either be marked in red or have a "+" sign next to it. The negatives are handled differently. Hook the negative on the good car, and then put the last negative on the dead car. This negative should NOT be clamped to the negative battery terminal on the dead car, but instead to a ground on the engine (an unpainted metal surface such as a bolt or bracket away from any moving parts) If you don't know where a good ground on your car is, don't try any old place – you could royally screw things up. Newer cars have sophisticated electronics that could be damaged doing this. If in doubt check your owner's manual or a repair manual for your car. You have been warned.

Once everything is in place, start the good car. Let the car run for a few minutes and then try to start the dead car. Once the car starts, disconnect the negative cables first. You can start with either car, but be sure you disconnect negative cables first. Then remove the positive cables. Finally, it will take at least 20 minutes of driving the dead car to charge the battery back up to full. Notice I said driving – it will take longer to charge the battery if you just leave it idling.

ALTERNATIVE METHOD – HOW TO PUSH START A CAR

This method only works with manual transmission (stick shift) cars, and probably the lighter and smaller the car, the better, although with enough

people you can push start a full sized van. You'll need a driver and a few people to push your car. You can substitute the people pushing with another car if need be. This is a pretty cool way to start a dead car if you've never done it before. Start by turning the key to "on", pushing the clutch in and putting the car into 2nd gear. Keep the clutch in and have your friends (or another car) push you until you can get the car going about as fast as you can. Let out the clutch and give it some gas and it should start running. High-fives are encouraged for a job well done.

HOW TO START A CAR WITH A BAD STARTER MOTOR

Use this method if any of the following are true:

1. You have good battery power but you just get a *click* noise when you turn the key
2. The starter motor sounds like it's turning, but the engine is not turning

If you are unfortunate enough to have a starter motor go kaput on you while on the road, you have a few options. They might not work, but then again you might get lucky. First of all, try whacking the shit out of starter solenoid with a block of wood. The starter solenoid is a little cylinder-type thing that comes out of the starter. In the past I have used sections of handrails, 2x4s, and wrenches. Starter motors can develop a dead spot where no electrical contact is being made. The key here is that you want to hit it hard enough that the brushes move out of their dead spot.

It's also possible that the flywheel has a spot where the gear's teeth have worn out. This means the teeth on the starter motor can't turn the teeth on the flywheel. Here you can try putting your car into 4th gear and again, with a little help from a friend or two, push the car forward a few feet. This will move the flywheel into a new position where hopefully the teeth aren't worn down to little nubs. Try starting the car normally. If this doesn't work, you may still be able to push start it.

OTHER WAYS TO GET A CAR STARTED

Most grocery stores, gas stations, and auto supply stores carry a product called "starting fluid". Starting fluid is a highly HIGHLY flammable substance. The idea is that you spray some of this on your air filter, and (because it burns easier than gasoline), your car will start up easier. I've used it in the past, it works, although can be hit or miss. I cannot stress how dangerous this stuff is. I have started at least two air filters on fire using this stuff. If I did not act quickly and extinguish the flames, the whole car could have went up. DO NOT keep this stuff in your trunk. It can explode on a hot day.

Another time after a heavy rain my car wouldn't start. As it turns out there was a cracked spark plug wire that was shorting out when it got wet. If this happens to you, it should be

TOOLS EVERY PUNK SHOULD HAVE IN THEIR CAR

Flashlight - you probably already have one lying around.
Socket set and wrench - Get the cheapest ones if you're only using it for emergencies, I've seen sets around \$10.
Multimeter - Makes it easy to find out if your battery is charged or not - about \$20 at Radio Shack.
Leather Belt - Probably already have one - works great if you need to strap something down.
Haynes or Clymers manual for your car - Shows step by step how to repair everything on your car - \$15-\$20 at a bookstore or auto parts store.
Extra oil, distilled water, anti-freeze and fuses for your car - Less than \$10 all together.
Jumper cables - \$10.
Wire coat hanger - You'll thank me when your muffler hangers break.
Vise-grips - ~\$15.
Jack - If your car doesn't have one already - can be had cheap at a junk yard.
Pen and paper - Handy for writing notes, directions, or even a makeshift help sign.
Blanket - In case you need to spend a night in your car waiting for help.
Spare tire and tire iron - again if you don't have them already, get some from a junkyard.

fairly easy to fix. Just wait until your car dries off or use a hair dryer to dry off the engine.

OH SHIT! I GOT A FLAT TIRE!

This is probably the easiest thing to fix, provided you have a spare tire and lug wrench. Unfortunately no amount of MacGyver-ing around will fix that hole in your tire. I would recommend having a full-sized spare (if you have the room for it) because if you need to replace it, you can just go on your way. Those little temporary spares included with most cars are good enough to get you to the nearest tire shop. If you don't have a full sized spare, go to a junkyard and pull one off a junk car of similar make and model.

To change the tire, first remove your hubcap by prying it off with the lug wrench and then loosen up all the lugs (aka bolts) on the wheel. If they don't budge, you can kick, stand or jump on the lug wrench to get them moving. You just want to get them loose, not completely out.

Jack up the car so the bottom of the wheel is about 6 inches off the ground. Pull the tire straight toward you and off. Put the new wheel on, and replace all the lugs. Tighten them up, one at a time, in opposite pairs. This means to tighten up one lug, then move to the lug directly opposite of it (not next to it) and tighten. Get all lugs "hand tight" and then lower the jack. Re-tighten all lugs once the wheel is back on the ground, using the same pattern as before. Get them good and tight, you don't want your wheel falling off on the highway.

There is also a product sold under several names like "Fix-a-flat" which claims that you can just spray this stuff in your tires and seal any leaks. Truth is, it will only work in certain circumstances. If you ran over a nail, and the nail is still in the tire, it might work, but if the nail came out leaving a large hole, it might not work. So, I guess I'm saying that if you want to spend the money on it, go ahead, but be aware that it might not work.

THE ROAD AHEAD

That's probably about all the room for this issue. I hope to continue this series in the future covering other car-related topics. If you have any ideas for future installments, please email them to me at otterpop@knerd.com. Questions can also be directed to me, I'll try to answer them in future articles as well.

Finally, if you like punk rock, hot rods, and choppers, check out GEARHEAD RECORDS. The same guy who used to do GEARHEAD MAGAZINE runs the label. Their latest sampler is called "Thingmaker" and contains tracks by The Hellacopters, New Bomb Turks, The Demonics, and more. They even have an awesome mp3 stream on their website (www.gearheadrecords.com) which lets you listen to all the bands on the label plus classic stuff like The Rezillos, Iggy and the Stooges, Teengenerate, The MC5. •

PUNK WEEK

2004

PUNKWEEK 3 AUGUST 11TH - 16TH

Punkweek, now in it's 3rd year, was created to host a weeks worth of shows and events to bring together community, while not costing an arm and a leg just to see a good band. The motivation of the organizers and the help of the participants are ideally the only currencies we have to spend to make it happen, however there are occasions where a little cover will be charged to help the bands that have traveled here cover expenses. Since 2002 we have gotten ourselves together a bit more, but the idea remains the same. There are a few new events, and many that are back by popular demand:

- **MARKET DAY:** trade/sell zines, music, clothing and other hand made curiosities.
- **4TH ANNUAL DURLY GURLY MUDWRESTLIN'**
- **SHOWS SHOWS SHOWS!!!**
- **CRASH GUERRILLA THEATER**
- **SOCCER, TOTALLY TOTALLY KICKBALL & DRUNKEN RED ROVER**
- **"BIKE IN THEATER" HOME MOVIE NIGHT UNDER THE STARS**
- **MUCH MUCH MORE...**

Opening Day Potluck, 2PM August 11th:

Bring something to share (or just bring yourself) to Punkweek's Opening Day Potluck to kick off the week. Get a schedule of events and locations, and meet all of the other folks involved. Be there or be hopelessly confused about where all of the other events are happening!

-Follow Main St. North to the train trestle. Cut across the railroad tracks to the East/Right and walk across the river over Argo Dam. After the Dam take the 1st path on your right and follow the red ribbons.

If confused or want to book a show contact us at: *punkweek 2003 @ yahoo.com*





GUESS WHAT I FOUND OUT!

by: Aaron Howard

I'm certain that I don't have to defend my disgust for publications such as People and US magazine to the readers of Bad Ideas.



Personal details into the lives of strangers...

...famous as they may be, are NONE of our business.



Now lately I have been introduced to a publication that promotes the same kind of nosiness, and it's based right here in Ann Arbor...



Instead of finding out personal details of celebrities; Found Magazine allows us to know the personal details of complete strangers.

It's my belief that eavesdropping on the affairs of strangers, whether they be celebrity or not, is not really something which should be encouraged. In fact, publications that encourage such have no place as far as I'm concerned.

Now People and US magazine are easy to denounce as publications which should not be supported.



Actually, the people who do buy them are fucking idiots.

The editor of this magazine thought that the ending of this comic was a bit harsh in it's opinion and made a request for a rewrite. After submission of the rewrite, the remaining staff thought that, in the interest of fairness and a greater sense of comedy, both should be included. So, choose your own adventure.

The first ending, uncensored, that sparked a request for a rewrite..

But when it comes to Found Magazine, it'll take more than my ranting to dissuade a true believer.



because the evil found in it's pages is subversive. Hell, I didn't see it at first either. But I have to try.

Please, don't buy Found Magazine
send hate mail and love letters to arotothen@arotothen.com

The rewrite

But when it comes to Found Magazine, it'll take more than my ranting to dissuade a true believer.



even myself, because not even I am sure if what I'm telling you is accurate.

So you really should continue to read it if you enjoy it.
send hate mail and love letters to arotothen@arotothen.com



IF YOU DON'T ALREADY KNOW, HERE'S... HOW TO MAKE

by Jef Porkins

Screening T-shirts is so fuckin' easy, I don't understand why more people don't do it. People ask me all the time to do it for them. And some of those people get royally pissed off when I don't do it exactly when they want me to, even when I make no promises. I figure it's gotta be just because no one knows how...so here ya go.

YOUR OWN T-SHIRTS

I make T-shirts using the **Silk Screen**

Process. The thing about the silk screen process is that you can use it for so many more things than just t-shirts – patches, posters, zine covers, record covers, anything that you'd want to mass produce in print. You can even do multiple color prints, if you wanna be all fancy.

SCREENS

Let's start from the top, you'll need a screen on a wooden frame. Now, you can't just go grab a screen from your front door, they make this shit all special and what not. If you go to your local art supply store, odds are they'll have a little section devoted to silk screening. They sell pre-stretched **silk screens**. It's a wooden frame usually made of 1½" x 1½" wide wood at varying lengths to make various sized screens. On one side of the frame, there will be a groove cut all around the frame. The groove is there so you can lay the silk over the frame and push a cord (the same type of cord commonly sold for use as a clothes line) into it to hold the silk tightly in place. This is something you only have to worry about if you are gonna re-silk the screen, cuz like I said, they come pre-silked. You wanna choose a frame that's bigger than the image that you want to print. I'd suggest that you get one that has an inside diameter that is larger than an 8½" x 11" piece of paper (making the screen about 9" x 12"). Or, better yet, one that is twice the size of a piece of paper or about 12" x 18".

Back in the day, they used to sell the frames and you could buy extra silk and "re-silk" the screen once you were done using the image, but somehow the industry feels there's more money in making the screens disposable along with the silk. If there is a way that you can get your hands on some extra silk (you'd have to see the type of silk screen I'm talkin' about, cuz I don't know the exact terminology to explain it in print) you can make your own screen on any old frame. I'd suggest you use a frame that is made of fairly thick wood, because **tension** is key and thinner frames tend to bow under the stress, especially after you get them wet.

If you are gonna re-silk a screen using a pre-fab silk screen frame (one with a groove and cord) make sure you get it nice and tight. To do this, wet the silk with warm water, this will make it expand some and once it dries, it will tighten up. You should be able to bounce a quarter off of it (that's where that expression comes from). Just lay the wet silk over the screen and push the cord into the groove making sure that the silk is pulled tightly all around. Use a spoon or other dull instrument to push the cord into the groove so you don't puncture the screen.

If you are gonna use a frame without a cord groove, you can staple the screen onto the frame with a staple gun. Put the staples at a 45° angle to the edge of the frame and staple it at least every ½ inch. You're gonna use a fuck load of staples. You wanna take it easy pullin' on the screen if you're gonna use staples. You wanna get the tension, but your don't want your screen to rip, so you gotta balance it out.

IMAGES

Okay, you're gonna need an image to print. Just for the sake of discussion, we're gonna pretend that we wanna make black t-shirts with a white skull & crossbones with the word "FART" above it in bold print. You gotta think of the silk screen as a stencil cuz, essentially, that's what it is. When you make a stencil, the **image area** is the part you cut out – the holes. The thing about the silk screen is that you don't have to worry about connecting blacked out pieces in the middle to the frame cuz there's silk to hold it in place. Get it? So, when I talk about image area, I'm speaking of the areas like the white part of the skull where the ink is gonna be printed.



So, you get you're sweet skull & crossbones picture with the word "FART" above it in bold print. You wanna make the picture the size that you want on a T-shirt. The way I do it, it's pretty much limited to the size of an 8½" x 11" piece of paper. Since we're printing white ink on a black T-shirt, you gotta start with the skull & crossbones with the word "FART" above it in bold print being black on a white piece of paper. You gotta make sure that the image area is as black as you can get it, so when you make a transparency it will be opaque, meaning no light will shine through it.

TRANSPARENCY

Once it is a dark as you can get it, go to Kinko's or some print shop, and make two transparencies. The reason you make two, is so when you put them together, making sure that they are exactly lined up, the image area will be darker. This is a bit frustrating, especially with more detailed images, getting them lined up. If you can get a more opaque image some other way, I suggest you do it. If it's a simple image, you could always cut it out of thick construction paper and use this in place of a transparency. To keep the transparencies lined up, I usually put a little tape on one or two spots on the edge of the two transparencies. If you do this, make sure the tape is as far from the image area as possible, cuz the tape will show up on the screen, but you can just block it out later with masking tape.

PHOTO EMULSION

Okay, you're gonna need this stuff called **Screen Printing Photo Emulsion and Sensitizer**. A company called Speedball makes it. It's a two part chemical mixture. They sell them in kits or apart. You need a mixture ratio of 4 to 1, that's four parts Emulsion to one part Sensitizer. So, when you buy them separately, you'll buy a small bottle of Sensitizer and a bigger bottle of Emulsion that should be four times as big. This is a light sensitive chemical when mixed, I'll explain: apart the chemicals are not light sensitive, but when mixed and exposed to light, the mixture begins to harden.

You'll need to mix the chemicals in subdued light. I do it in the bathroom with the lights off, curtains drawn and the door open so that no direct light comes in. Use a spoon that you don't plan to eat with ever again. Measure out 4 parts of Emulsion with the lights on, into a bowl that you will never use to eat with again. Then, turn out the light, only letting a small amount of indirect light (make sure there's no bulbs shining directly on what you are doing), just enough to see what you're doing, then measure out the last part, the Sensitizer. Then, mix the chemicals thoroughly, in the dark. The emulsion looks like melted Blue Moon ice cream. After you mix it, it'll look more like melted Mint Chocolate Chip...without the chips, of course, but if you're doin' it right, you won't be able to see it anyway.

For the next step, you'll need a **squeegee**. It's just a thick rubber strip attached to a wood or plastic handle. You can buy them at any art store. I didn't feel like spending the cash,

so I stole mine from a gas station. You know, the ones they have to clean your windows. Just unscrew the long handle off, strip off the sponge part and there you have it. You wanna get one that will be wide enough to drag over your image area.

Now, take your screen into the area where you mixed your Emulsion, with the subdued light. You want to drizzle your mixture onto the screen with the spoon, then use the squeegee to spread it all over the screen. You want to squeegee it on both sides and make it even. You want to avoid any drops or thick areas that form on the edge of your squeegee line from being on the screen. Keep drizzling and spreading the mixture until the whole screen is covered evenly. It's good to spread it right to the edge so no ink will get through it.

After the mixture is spread over the screen evenly, leave it in the dark to dry. Rest it so the screen side is not touching anything or tip it up so you get the same effect. Your best bet is to find a box that you can put over it, open-end-down, then drape a towel over that to block out more light. Or just leave it in a dark room where no one will be tempted to turn on the lights. This is the only time using the bathroom as your lab is a problem, unless you live alone and can aim in the dark. It should dry within a couple hours, but it'll dry faster if you can put a fan blowing on it.

BURNING THE IMAGE

Once the screen with the emulsion is completely dry, it's time to burn the image. For this you'll need a few things: a **150-watt light bulb**, a **lamp**, an **aluminum pie tin** and a **ruler or tape measure**. The 150-watt bulb should be a regular sized bulb, like the one that appears when you have an idea, not a floodlight. The lamp should be something that you can hang upside-down. Clip lamps are the best for this, you can get them at any hardware store or Meijer's or something. The aluminum pie tin is to direct the light. Get one of the tins that are just made of thick aluminum foil, the disposable jobs, not the really thick pie plate deals. Make a hole in the center, big enough to put the thin part of the light bulb through. My clip lamp came with a metal dish deal that does the same job, so I just go with that. The ruler or tape measure is used to make sure that the light is 12" (14" for bigger images like an two transparencies side by side) above the image being burnt.

Prepare the area while the screen with the emulsion is still in the dark. Start by laying down something black that's bigger than the screen, like a black shirt or piece of fabric or a large piece of black paper. This is so light will not be reflected back up. You'll be resting your screen on this area. Find a way to suspend your lamp, with the 150-watt bulb and pie plate attached, 12 inches above the black area. The tip of the bulb must be 12 inches above your screen (14" for the bigger images). Don't let anything get in the way of direct light from your bulb to your screen. This should be done in an area where you can turn off all other lights.

Once your light apparatus is complete, turn off your 150-watt bulb. Retrieve your screen from it's dark place and arrange it, in your low-lit area, with the center directly under the bulb. It should be lying flat with the screen touching the black area. Next, position your transparencies in the center of the screen so that the image looks correct NOT backwards or flipped over. If your transparency curls up or just isn't resting flat on the screen, put some nickels or pennies on the corners to



hold it down. Make sure they are as far from the image area as possible, cuz they will show up as circles on your screen, but if they are far from the image area, you can just tape them up later.

Once your transparency is in place, turn on your 150-watt bulb and let it sit, undisturbed for **45 minutes** (longer for bigger images, like an hour). Make sure no other light source is touching it. This is called **Burning the Image**.

At the end of your 45 minutes, turn off your bulb. You need to rinse the screen. I use my bathtub. If you have a large sink or one with a hose attachment, that would be even better. The water should be warm, not hot, just...pleasant. You see, the areas that were exposed to light have now hardened, the image area that

was shielded from the light, is still **water soluble**. Run the water over the image area, it should begin to **dissolve**. Rub the image area gently with your hand to help it **along**. If there is a part of the image area that is being stubborn, in the case that thick droplets formed in your emulsion, use a **soft toothbrush** to gently help it along. Make sure not to rub off **your** non-image areas. Hold the screen up to a light source, you **should** be able to see which parts of the image area may still **have** emulsion residue. Blowing hard on any uncertain areas should **clear** excess water, so you can easily tell if it needs more work.

Once your image area is clear, let your burned screen dry. Resting your screen against a fan will hurry it along if you're in a rush. The hard part is over.

PREPPING YOUR SCREEN FOR PRINTING

Now that you have a clear silk screen stencil of your wicked skull & crossbones with the word "FART" above it in bold print, it's time to block out any unwanted holes in your screen. You want to use **masking tape** to tape the edges of the screen on both sides. On the inside of the screen, make sure you lay the tape so that it covers the corners that match the frame to the screen. Ink can sometimes squeeze through if this isn't done properly. If you use coins or missed a spotted in the emulsion process in any non-image areas, use tape to cover these holes.

INK

Since you're printing this kick-ass skull & crossbones with the word "FART" above it in bold print on t-shirts, you want to select the proper ink. It is important to use an ink that is **water based**, this makes it water soluble. Since your stencil is not water soluble, using a water based ink will not fuck with it. It's easy to clean up, just use water. For T-shirts and fabric, you'll need **Textile Screen Printing Ink**. Textile ink will not wash off once it's been heat set. Some inks require heat setting, some just require 6 days of not being washed. There should be comprehensive instructions on the ink jar.

HERE'S A LIST OF WHAT YOU'LL NEED:

- A silk screen frame
- A transparency of your image
- Screen Printing Photo Emulsion Kit
- Squeegee
- A bowl and spoon
- 150 watt lightbulb
- Lamp
- Aluminum Pie Tin
- Ruler or Tape Measure
- Masking Tape
- Textile Screen Printing Ink
- Newspapers
- Paper Towels
- Ream of paper of thick book
- Friend
- Hangers (optional)
- Shirt Board (optional)
- T-shirts (essential)

Some inks are designed for other uses like printing on paper or printing with water based stencils. Read the container before purchasing your ink to make sure your getting the proper ink for the job.

T-SHIRTS

Finding good, cheap T-shirts is essential. The quality of your T-shirts is all up to you. I usually scour thrift stores to find blank T-shirts that are under or as close to a dollar as possible. You can always find deals at discount stores and sometimes dollar stores. The best time to look for sales is mid-fall or winter, cuz the pinks are always tryin' to bundle up for the cold months. I haven't found any wholesale catalog type places, but that's just for a lack of looking and a preference of the cheaper thrift T's.

I would suggest avoiding pocket T's. Even if you're printing on the back, the pocket will get in the way and fuck up your image. You can always combat this by making a shirt board to slide inside. I'll talk about that later.

PREPPING YOUR WORK AREA FOR PRINTING

You want to find something to put underneath your printing area, to raise it up. A textbook or phonebook or even a **stack** of paper will do nicely. It needs to be bigger than your image area, yet smaller than the frame. Since you used a 8½" x 11" transparency, a ream of 8½" x 11" would be perfect. This creates tension when you lay the screen over it and makes sure there's no room for ink to squeeze through where it's not supposed to. I'll call this thing your **elevator** for lack of anything better.

If you want to get all fancy, you can construct a shirt board out of something like thin plywood or thin masonite. This is something that you can slip the shirt over to prevent the ink from bleeding through to the back side and it can help you line up your image on the shirt. Make sure that it's the right size so that it won't stretch out your shirts. You can even tape down elevator to the shirt board. This will help insure a uniform printing area for each T-shirt. I don't bother with this shit, cuz it's just one more step, but it did help me when I was starting out.

Here's a little tip on where to print your image on a T-shirt: Line up the middle of the image vertically with the armpit of the shirt and horizontally with the neck of the shirt (obviously). If the image is bigger or the T-shirt is smaller, there might not be room to do this, so keep in mind that it's good to keep the image about 2 to 3 inches from the bottom of the neck cuff. If your printing on the back of a T-shirt...you're on your own, I got nothin'. I almost never do this, so use your best judgement. Sorry.

You also want to have a few things on hand before

you start messin' with the ink. **Newspaper** might be a good idea. You can lay this down on your work area so you don't get ink everywhere. You will get ink everywhere. Keep some **paper towels or toilet paper** on hand. If you're doing this alone, even if you're not, you'll get ink on your hands and won't want to pick up the T-shirt once you're done and get ink where it ain't supposed to be. My Graphics teacher in school likened ink to a cancer, cuz once it gets somewhere it ain't supposed to be, it spreads like nothin' else. You'll need your afore mentioned **spoon** that you'll never eat with again. Use this to transfer the ink from the jar to the screen. A wealth of **hangers** may be beneficial as well. If you have somewhere to hang them where they can dry, just slip a hanger into the shirt, even while it's still on the shirt board, and pull it off. This keeps the image area from folding in on itself while it's still wet. You'll also need a **friend** to help you hold down the screen while you draw the ink.

PRINTING

Now that you have your t-shirt, squeegee, ink, elevator or shirt board, newspaper, paper towel, **spoon**, **hangers**, a friend and your screen with your balls-out skull & crossbones with the word "FART" above it in bold print, you're ready to print... finally.

Lay down your elevator and put your shirt over it, centering like I mentioned before, for this is where your image will go. Lay your screen on the shirt centering it on the elevator. Get a feel underneath of where you're putting it. Try to remember where it's laying so you can get a uniform print on all of your shirts. Once there is ink on the screen, you want to make sure when you lay the screen down, you don't have to pick it up again to reposition it, cuz you may get ink on the shirt where you don't want it. Once it's all lined up, spoon a thick line of ink at the top, just above the image area. Be generous with the ink a first, you'll get a feel of how much it will take to stretch across your image after a while. Have your friend press down on the top edge of the frame while you press down on the bottom. Now, take your squeegee that's wider than your image area, and draw the ink across the image, all the while keeping pressure on the frame, stretching the screen over the elevator with the T-shirt on it. Draw the ink lightly at first to cover the image area. Then draw the ink hard to push it through the screen. Do this two, or three times, but make sure you don't lift or move the screen off the T-shirt. If you do, you could double print the image or smear ink on the back of the non-image area which will then transfer the same smear to all of your other T-shirts. Lift the screen up gently, the T-shirt will peel off the screen slowly. Now, slip the hanger into the neck of the shirt and hang it up to dry. Voila! You got yourself a keen skull & crossbones with the word "FART" above it in bold print T-shirt!

You should actually make your first prints on some scrap paper to get the hang of it. Now and again, if not enough pressure was used to hold the frame down, you'll get ink underneath the non-image area. Check for this after every print. If you do, do another print on scrap paper without putting more ink on, to get any excess ink off the image area, then use some paper towel to wipe the ink off the back. Be thorough. Then do another scrap print to make sure there's no excess ink on the back.

It's important to keep the printing process moving along. You want avoid wasting time, cuz the ink can dry in the screen and create negative areas in your image area. Once you are done printing, spoon off any extra ink and put it back in your container. Then, immediately rinse the ink off your screen in your sink or bathtub as soon as possible, so the ink doesn't dry in your screen. Rub it gently with your fingers to get ALL the ink off, even in the non-image areas. If you get a build up of ink in non-image areas, that ink will remain after you remove the stencil from the screen. It's best to remove your masking tape as well. Ink can get trapped underneath and dry there forever. Be gentle when cleaning, cuz even your non-water soluble stencil can become weak and rub off if you are too forceful. A properly cleaned screen can be used over and over for a long time. Once clean, let the screen dry before you use it again.

OTHER PRINTABLES

Printing on paper or other materials is the same process. Making the transition to other materials will come naturally in time. The only suggestion I can make, is when making patches, put more than one, maybe 3 or 4, per transparency. When printing them, you can either print them all at once and cut them apart, or block out the unwanted images by taping a piece of thick paper over them. Masking tape shouldn't disrupt your image areas, so long as you remove it when you clean the screen after printing.

REMOVING THE STENCIL

If you would like to remove the stencil, instead of re-silking your screen, to reuse your frame, use bleach. You'll need a tub of some sort to soak the frame in and a healthy amount of bleach. Let it soak for sometime. The instructions that I read suggested letting it soak for 45 minutes. I think this is excessive and dangerous for your delicate silk. Using rubber gloves, rub the hardened emulsion off the screen with your fingers. After it starts to come up, begin rinsing it in warm water, like you did after you burned it and cleaned it after printing. Sometimes this process doesn't work because of dried ink from the previous prints, so be careful.

All the products that mentioned can be found at any art store. If you live in Ann Arbor, don't shop here for them. Every place that I've found in town charges at least 2 times, mostly 3 times the price of any other city. There's a store in Dearborn on Michigan Ave. just east of the Southfield Freeway, called Dick Blick. They have everything that you'll need to do the screen printing process.

All the products that you buy will have instructions on them. I've written this mostly from memory. I've written this mainly to show the ease of the process with more common language. I get all tensed up reading most instructions, maybe you do to, so I figured this might help. Also, there may be some tricks in this article that the instructions don't tell you. When in doubt, follow the product instructions. Once you get the hang of it, my suggestions will become much clearer.

Have fun with it. And, if I ever see anyone wearing a screened black T-shirt with a white image of a skull & crossbones with the word "FART" above it in bold print, I'll give you a dollar! You'll also have to make me one, though. I wear a Men's XL.

Jef Porkins can be reached at baron@crimsonguard.net

WARNING: Do not even attempt to read this if you have major problems with spelling + grammar. I've been so stressed out that I wasn't going to do a tour this issue. But then a bunch of people told me how much they like it so, I did one in a hurry. and then to make matters worse I lost my pen half way through + had to use a crappy one.
-sorry-

Josh Redd's Summer Tour of Ann Arbor 2004

eh, I walk around alot. All year round cuz I like the place I live. I enjoy the little paths + bridges and it's alot more fun than watching another fucking movie. Too many times I mention a bridge or path or park and find out no one knows what I'm talking about. I've taken people on walking tours, but below is a self guided tour. take it, enjoy your self. Or Don't and go watch T.V.

★ Alright so, I've hidden a 6-pack + 2 400's on this walk. You don't need to drink to make this fun, but if you want to and you pay attention you can. It's cheap shitty beer but that's what summers all about right.

- starting at the Fleetwood (corner of Ashley + Liberty) walk west. (Down the hill) untill you hit the rail road tracks. Turn right. On your left look up + notice the bill boards that aren't lit at night + are fairly easy to climb up.

Sometime people change them. When Bush was running last time someone painted a huge swastika next to his name. From the ground you couldn't tell it wasn't spoid to be there. After you cross one street if you look left you can see where the old "perf net" used to be. Lots of history that I won't get into now. You can see them building the new YMCA. Jump the fence + sabotage it. Keep walking. After you cross the next street turn left after the bridge + walk down to the street. Notice the mail box and the steps leading from the street to the tracks. When you get to the ~~the~~ street go right + walk for a block then turn right at the next street. Walk half a block then cut into the park on your left.

- once in the park you'll see a basketball court. We play punk basket ball here every tuesday at 8:00pm. No athletic ability, no problem. To the right of the court is the bathrooms, walk past those and around the baseball field. You'll see a huge wood staircase on the right go up it.

- When you get to the top turn left at the

street. Keep walking untill you hit a stop light.

After the light take the next right. Walk untill the road curves and ~~then~~ you see a church in front of you. I don't know if the church was here before the road or if it was just a curvy road + they built a church there, but the road curves around the church. You don't have to cut through the parking lot or behind it by the dumpsters and keep walking down that street. It curves slightly to the left but stay on it. Follow it about 5 blocks. You have to look at the street sign. Take a right on Pomona. Walk a bit, on your right is the A2 water treatment plant.

At the dead end go right. Your walking in a very expensive neighborhood. At the next street go right, theres two streets on the right. Ones at 90° angle the others more like a 45° angle take the 90° one (or the left most, right turn) Walk a bit at the next street go left. After you pass 2 streets look on your left. Theres a house that covered in dirt. It's got trees + shit growing on the roof + people still live there. They built a hobbit house. The address is 1016 if you are having a hard time finding it. Walk passed 3 streets one on the right, one on the left, on the 3rd street turn left. Walk one block + make another left. Walk untill you hit a stop sign turn left, then take the next right. You walk down this hill + it goes under the highway. (this bridge is lacking m art). Right after the bridge on your right is a park, you're going to go in there. But first, a little past

the park on your left is an entrance to Bird hills which is a really nice wooded area. If you follow the road past the park + Bird hills, it curves right and dead ends. There are about 5 houses here. I like to think that it's some hidden community, surrounded by woods + the highway but it's probably just yuppies. Go back to the park and follow the trail.

- You'll follow the trail for about 5-10 min. and it ends on a street. Go left. Just a bit down, the road takes a sharp curve to your left, on your right is a hard to find path that goes into the woods. It's a little more than halfway through the curve. If the road straightens out and you haven't found it turn around + look again. You'll see it eventually. (This curve is really dangerous. A lot of people crash here so look for cars in the woods. If you need to get to a phone go back towards the park but stay on the road, you end up on North Main st. where you should be able to flag some one down.)

- Back at the path. About 20 feet in there a creek with boards over it. After that it's about 100 yards of woods. It's very dark so just walk slow if you don't have a light. You come out on the rail road tracks. Go right toward the highway bridge. This is a main location of Generator shows. Also good tags on your right and good stencils on your left, nice respect going on here. Take the tracks till you hit a road, then left.

- Follow the road. After a bit you'll see the river on your right and some boat docks.

This place is pretty much abandoned at night.

If you follow the road back it ends at a field. It's kinda a nice field. We had a Generator show here once at the first punkweek but it got busted. Turn around + head back to the rail road tracks, but when you get to them go past until you hit another road, turn left. Walk until you see a train bridge that goes over the road you're on. The start looking for some old unused rail road tracks that cut across the street you're on. They are before the train bridge. When you see them follow them to the right. It looks they go into a dense forest but once inside it opens up a bit. Kinda like a tunnel made of trees,

We had Punkweek 2 opening day pot luck here. It comes out of the woods and meets up with some other tracks (the ones that go over the bridge) keep walking in the same direction. When you hit a street look to your right. That old yellowish/brown house on the corner there. You can get in through the cinder door and it's just empty on the inside. no floors or walls, nothing. Just the four outside walls + the roof. I've thought about squatting it, or better yet buying it, someone should. From the tracks turn left (down the hill) at the light look left. Not the first house but the second one is the Bad Idea (where we make this stupid zine). Turn right and start heading up the hill.

- First look on your right side. That white house on the corner across from the party store. That the Rock Band school. It used to be at the Tech center (old perfnet) but moved here after everyone got kicked out. It's cool they teach kids how to play in a band + how to write songs. It's pretty cool to walk by + here 10-15 year old kids playing together. Keep walking up the hill. Right after the Rock Band school on your right is where the city keeps their garbage trucks and the gas station that the cops use to fill up their cars. After that on the same side of the street is the community center. I went to a few shows there a while ago. It'd probably be pretty easy to book there if you dress nice when you go ask them. they do some cool stuff and are pretty cool. The next house on the same side of the street is where I used to live and before me (if you care about famous people) Jason from the Von Bondies used to live there also.

This house is built out of the A² Jails bricks. next door to that is an empty store front. It used to be a guitar store called "Boss guitars" but they moved to detroit. You can see on the north wall an old Vernors advertisement from when it used to be a corner/grocery store. Interesting thing I learned, when the man who bought the Bad Idea originally in 1914 was looking at houses and had to pick between the Bad Idea + this one. He picked the Bad Idea while this one was bought by Mr. McCoy + still owned by that family. Keep walking, at the light on the left is the A² history museum

Witch could almost be cool, but I've never been there. Keep walking past the next two stop lights, at the third one look to your left ~~is~~ the court house. The court house has been in this spot forever. It's in the books that the city can't move it anywhere else. They couldn't even move things temporarily when they wanted to knock down the old one + build the one that's here now. Instead they added on a new section moved everything there then knocked down the old court house, built the new one and moved every thing back. Apparently it's o.k. for the city to break their own laws but not for me to break theirs. Kiddy corner to the court house is a bank, only interesting if you look at the top floor. It wasn't built with that floor. Years after it was done they added a new floor on the roof. I have no idea why they didn't make it look the same. A little farther down you can still see the office supply store. Relic of the fiftys. Used to be one of the only places down town that you could buy useful stuff but it closed down a few years ago. It was the last old store to go on main street. Bent out Lucky drugs (corner of Liberty + main) by a few years, and the hardware store next to the Fleetwood by about ten. The pharmacy on State st. closed it's doors around the same time, now there really is no way to buy usefull things (tools, grocery, staplers) down town at all. Walk two more lights then turn right. Throw a brick at the new starbucks, then walk to the next light ~~at~~ at the Fleetwood. Don't cross the street yet.

- look to your right. The bar on the corner "The old town" has been a bar for ever at least as old as that building & I think I heard it was a bar before that to. It wasn't always called the old town though. Now look to your left. That Futon store didn't used to be there. I was just an empty lot. There is the coble stone planter in front of the Futon store. Go look at the corner of the planter. Theres a memorial there. The story goes that there used to be a Pig Farmer who lived outside of town. He'd come into town + go drink at the bar across the street get a drunk, stagger across the street to his pick-up truck and pass out. He'd wake up in the morning + go back to his

farm. He was a big fuckin guy. Not to bright but every body liked him. Often he'd defend women that were being fucked with by their boyfriends or just assholes at the bar. "Excuse me Maam, Is this guy bothering you?" He'd say. Then he'd ask the guy to leave. If that didn't work, like I said he was a big guy, they'd leave anyway. One night while the pig farmer was drinking, one of the guys he'd pissed off sat out side the bar waiting. As the farmer left the bar to fall asleep in his truck, that guy walked up behind him, put a gun to his side and shot him in the heart. He died instantly right there in the street. His memorial is still there.

cross the street to the Fleetwood, or just go home. The End.



Rebellious Jezebels Keep Abortion Legal

by Onna Solomon, 2930 Parkridge Dr, A2 MI 48103, onnalyn@hotmail.com

It was the largest march for women's rights to ever take place. Estimates of the turnout for April 25's March For Women's Lives range from 500 thousand to over a million. With nine national women's organizations presiding and people from all fifty states and over 60 nations represented, it was certainly a monumental event. All I know is that when I was at the endpoint of the two mile march that ended in front of the Capital Building, there were still herds of people just leaving the starting point at the Washington Monument.

My friends and I drove from Ann Arbor on Friday night and ran into busloads of people at rest stops along the way. When we arrived in Washington D.C. on Saturday, the city was saturated with people going to the march. As my friend, Mariah, said, "On every single metro car, and every single place we went there were so many people with either t-shirts or buttons, that I can't wait to see the turn out."

We were not disappointed. As the march began, waves of chants washed through the crowd: "Not the church, not the state, women will decide our fate". Beside the thousands of signs provided by NARAL and Planned Parenthood that read "It's Your Decision, Not Theirs," there were more creative, homemade posters such as "Keep Your Rosaries off my Ovaries," "The Only Bush I Trust is My Own," and "Viva La Vulva". I saw a man with a clipboard that read "Not My Body, Not My Choice". There were women dressed as the statue of liberty and delegations wearing pink feather boas. Overall the tone was peaceful, even solemn, but there were bursts of celebration. One of the most memorable was a dance troupe called the Pink Bloque, a Chicago-based activist group, who performed a choreographed number to Outkast's "Heya" to the delight of a throng of marchers who stopped to watch. They reminded me of the Emma Goldman quote, "If I can't dance, it's not my revolution!"

There were a small number of anti-choice protesters lining Pennsylvania Ave. For the most part they were silent, holding signs with pictures of aborted fetuses or slogans such as "Women need love, not abortion." Those who did heckle the crowd were quickly drowned out with boos or chants of "My Body, My Choice" by hundreds of voices at a time. One of anti-choice signs read "Rebellious Jezebels". When I got home I did a little research on this biblical figure who many call the most evil woman in the bible. Janet Howe Gaines, author of *Music in the Old Bones: Jezebel Through the Ages*, describes her not only as a ruthless ruler and goddess worshipper but also as "an outspoken woman in a time where females have little status and few rights" and a "meddler in political affairs in a nation of strong patriarchs". So I guess the anti-choice protester was right, for the wrong reasons.

At the end of the march, legendary activists, politicians and celebrities shared the stage. Gloria Steinem gave credit to the new generation of feminists, the women and men under 25 who made up one third of the protesters. Whoopie Goldberg led the crowd in a chant of "Never Again!" while waving a clothes hanger in the air. A few of the speakers brought their daughters to the stage with them. I can't imagine what an impact that moment had on these young girls who stood next to their mothers in front of hundreds of thousands of people all united in protecting their future freedom.

One of the most exciting things about the march was the range of different people coming together. There were a lot more men than I expected and a lot of families. Robin Harris, from San Diego, CA, was marching with her sister and six-month-old niece who live in D.C. "I'm a little weepy," she said, "It's really moving to just walk through all of this." Her sister, Jamie, said "having another generation in our family makes it even more important to stand up and vote with our feet." Along the sidelines, sprinkled among the anti-choice contingency were older women rallying the marchers. One group held up signs that read "Hot Grandmas for Cool Choice". Seven-year-old Gracie, from Indiana, was marching with her father and grandmother, yelling into a small pink megaphone, "Get Bush out of office!" When I asked her why she was marching, she said simply, "For women's lives." I don't think she fully understood the implications of her words and I hope she never has to.

Hundreds of thousands of people all united in protecting their future freedom.



STENCILS FROM AROUND TOWN



WHAT WILL YOU DO
WITH ALL THE MONEY
YOU SAVE LISTENING
TO VERIFICATION





Hello and welcome to the 2nd edition of COMIC ZONE. Now we are bigger and much better with more comics being reviewed and I have someone helping me this time, so thank you Nate and lets get started.

The first book is a mini called Sometimes Rain created and illustrated by Mia Paluzzi, story by Andrew Moll, and art assists by Mike Schim. So far only one issue has come out but I hope this book will keep going, with Mias Manga-like art style and Andrew's writings it is **definitely** a good read. It's a story of a boy and a girl drawn to each other through their differences. **What kind of differences?** You'll have to read to know. This book is on RENT THE OCEAN STUDIOS and goes for \$3. www.tongari.net

My second choice is another mini called Johnny Public, written by Sean frost, and illustrated by Wendi Strange-Frost. With all the issues at an **end**, and soon collected, this is a definite must-read for those in psychology. The story centers around a cast of characters who live in a man's head and when it's their turn they get on a stage in a bar and take over their host. Don't even think of comparing this book to that crappy 80's TV show, "Herman's Head", for then I would **have** to find and kill you myself. Yes, Sean may be kinda loopy sometimes, but he makes up for it when he **writes**, and then **complemented** with Wendi's fabulous art, together they have made a book for all to love. Well, maybe not all. This book is under Strange-Frost productions,llc and usually goes for \$1.50 an issue. www.sfpro.com

The next book is an indie that comes in all shapes and sizes depending on the budget - Port Authority, written and illustrated by Vernon Smith. When the first issue came out it was called Guided Elements and Vern tells you why he changed the title in the book, so I am not even going to bother telling you why. A super hero book that is not really a super hero book with only 4 issues out, that I know of, is probably one of my favorite indie books I have. Vernon's simplistic art style goes well with the story he is telling and gets two big thumbs up. This book is under DFG comics and usually goes for about \$2.75 an issue. www.dfgcomics.com

Shiver in the Dark, just the title sounds good, once a small press self-published book is now Diamond's star choice of the month. Stuart Sayger, the writer and artist of this beautiful piece of art, compiles his pencils and inks with photo shop. And when I say beautiful, I mean gorgeous to anyone's eyes. Some what of a horror story, this book is professionally printed and distributed and well worth the cost (usually around \$2.75). www.stuartsayger.com

That's it for me this time around I would like to thank Sully and the Vault of midnight staff for selling me my comics and really helping us out with this magazine. And also 1) Spider Man 2! That's all I have to say about that. 2) Make sure to vote this year, we need to get him out (you KNOW who); and 3) Support your local comic shops. Some need more help than others.

P.S. you can get most of these books and much, much more at our local comic shop, the VAULT OF MIDNIGHT. It's an awesome place with awesome people. www.vaultofmidnight.com

THE

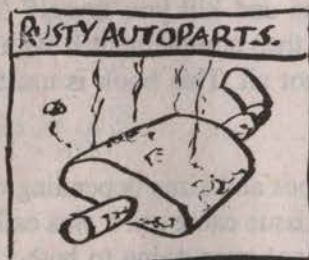
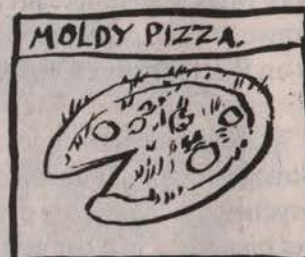
ANTI-CAPITALIST

GUIDE TO

DUMPSTER DIVING

FREE LOADING

3/3/03



TRY TO GET A JOB IN
A GOOD RESTAURANT.
YOU'LL FIND YOUR FILL OF
UNFINISHED WINE AND STEAK!



LEARN TO CRASH THE
RIGHT PARTIES.



BUT BEWARE—AN MSA
MEETING CLAIMING
'FREE FOOD' COULD MEAN
BLUE WATER AND LOUSY
COOKIES.



NEVER UNDERESTIMATE
THE VERITABLE GOLDMINE
ON THE SIDE OF THE
ROAD.



YOU'LL BE SURPRISED
AT HOW FRUITFUL A
LITTLE DIGGING WILL BE!



NOW, FOR THE SERIOUS
TROPHY HUNTER,
THERE'S ANN ARBOR'S
CROWN JEWEL...



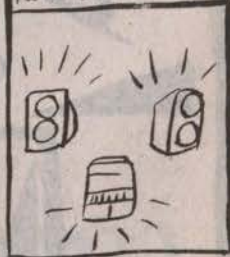
TRY THE LAW QUAD
DUMPSTERS ON THE LAST
DAY OF EXAMS.



NEW BIKES.*



NEW STEREO.*



NEW LOAFERS.*



NEW FOOD.*



* ACTUAL FINDS

- HISTORY -

SUPPORT ANN ARBOR'S SCENE



COCK FIGHT

CORRUPTION X
X COMMITTEE

CIVIL
DISOBEDIENCE

BARBED WIRE
PLAY PEN

THE
SHORT
DEAD
DUDES



MORSEL



ARTHUR GUINNESS 1725-1802

ALL AGES \$3.00

When: Friday, Dec. 17-6:00-11

Where: First Unitarian Church

A² - 1917 Washtenaw & Berkshire.

- HISTORY -

negative approach



state·urgent action

sunday july 10 2pm

ALL AGES MATINEE

freestyle

TelegrAph & JOY

ReBForD

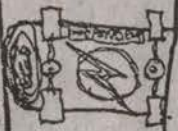
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Early-Mid 80's

LOCAL CHAOS

ISSUE NO. 1 1983

50 CENTS



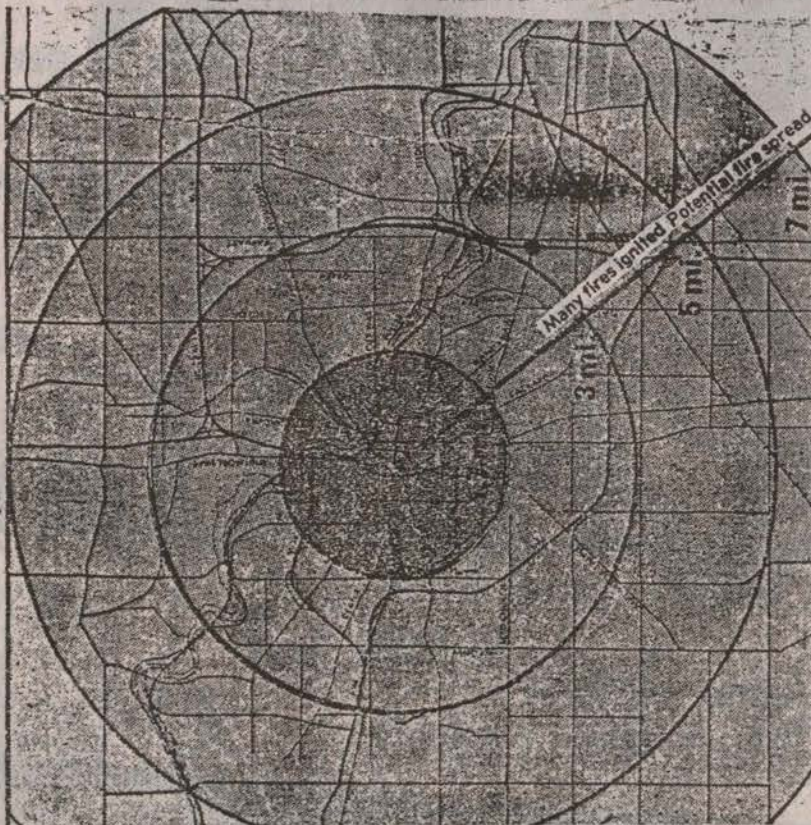
DISMISSLED
INTERVIEW INSIDE
LYRICS ENCLOSED
WHERE ARE ALL THESE PEOPLE GOING?

27 ON
LADIUM

THE STATEHOUSE



EFFECTS OF A ONE-MEGATON NUCLEAR BLAST*



struction of all
cept specially
signed facili-
s; 90% of people
led, 2% injured

Severe damage to
commercial build-
ings; 50% of peo-
ple killed, 40%
hurt, 10% safe

Moderate damage
to commercial, se-
vere to resi-
dences; 1% killed,
49% hurt, 50 safe

Light damage to
commercial, mod-
erate to resi-
dences; 25% hurt,
75% safe

sumes a direct hit at the corner of Huron and Main Streets, producing a crater 2.4 miles in di-
er and fireball with maximum radius of .7 miles

3+12

HISTORY

MARCH 1, 1983

AT STATEHOUSE

GUARDIANS OF CHAOS VARIABLES.

3-D JESUS THE STATE

NOW THANKS ART FOR ANOTHER BASH!
It seems the way we have to do it is to get
the party going early and try to have all the
ANDS DONE BY 10:00 SO NO NOISE VALLATION OCCURS.
SO POLICE HASSLES. This is the second party we have
ONE THIS WAY AND BOTH HAVE BEEN REAL COOL. ANYWAYS
VARIOUS OF CHAOS (CHRIS STATE AND TREOR GRIGG FROM
OPENED THE PARTY UP WITH SOME COOL TUNES. (G.I.)
Definitely the
FUNNIEST BAND
there.



IT WAS ROB'S BIRTHDAY
NEXT WERE THE VARIABLES.
SO THAT WAS THE EXCUSE FOR THE PARTY. THERE SONGS CAME
OFF REAL GOOD. "Empty Promises" to me is there Best
SONG. THAT SONG HAS SO MUCH POWER TO IT.
3-D JESUS PLAYED NEXT. SINCE IM IN THE BAND ALL
IM GOING TO SAY IS IT FUN AS HELL PLAYING.
DONT THINK WE BROKE ANYTHING.

Bill



John in the shadows

VARIABLES

STATE III PLAYED NEXT, AND PLAYED A VERY GOOD
SET. ROBSON IS A VERY DYNAMIC VOCALIST. ALL
THE TUNES WERE GREAT. PEOPLE WERE DOING
COACH DIVES AND FUCKING UP. IT WAS GREAT.

3-D JESUS

THE STATEHOUSE

ADMIUM



ROB HAS JOIN G.O.C.
OR GUFFAR. CRAIG SAID
G.O.C.

HISTORY

After taking her money and locking her companion in the trunk of their car parked along a Columbus, Ga., roadside, a gunman led Elizabeth Kenny to a wooded area and began ripping her clothes off. Kenny was able to draw her revolver and fire two shots before running back to the car. Police later found the assailant's body near the scene of the attack. (*The Enquirer*, Columbus, Ga. 9/6)

After being raped by a man who had broken into her apartment, a young Houston, Tex., woman bought a pistol. Only four weeks after the assault, the rapist returned, entering the apartment through a window, then disrobed. When he woke the woman and told her not to yell, she responded by firing shots that killed him. (*The Chronicle*, Houston, Tex. 8/31)

ANDY GRIFFITH says that soon after I quit portraying television's easy-going she-iff of Mayberry on "The Andy Griffith Show," he dreamed he beat up deputy Barney Fife. Griffith said he suggested the puny deputy again and again, mutilating Barney so badly that he awoke in a sweat and frantically telephoned actor Don Knotts who played Fife — to make sure he was safe. "I asked my psychiatrist when I got back to California," Griffith recalled recently. "He told me I was killing my image."

DIANNE FEINSTEIN, San Francisco's mayor, has signed the "Sister Boom Boom Law" barring political candidates from using weird names. The issue arose after a male impersonating a nun, Sister Boom Boom, ran for a seat on the city's Board of Supervisors last fall. Jesus Christ, Satan, Jello Biafra and James Bond Zero also have appeared on ballots. DETROIT FREE PRESS MARCH 23 1993



THRASHER
SKATEBOARD MAGAZINE

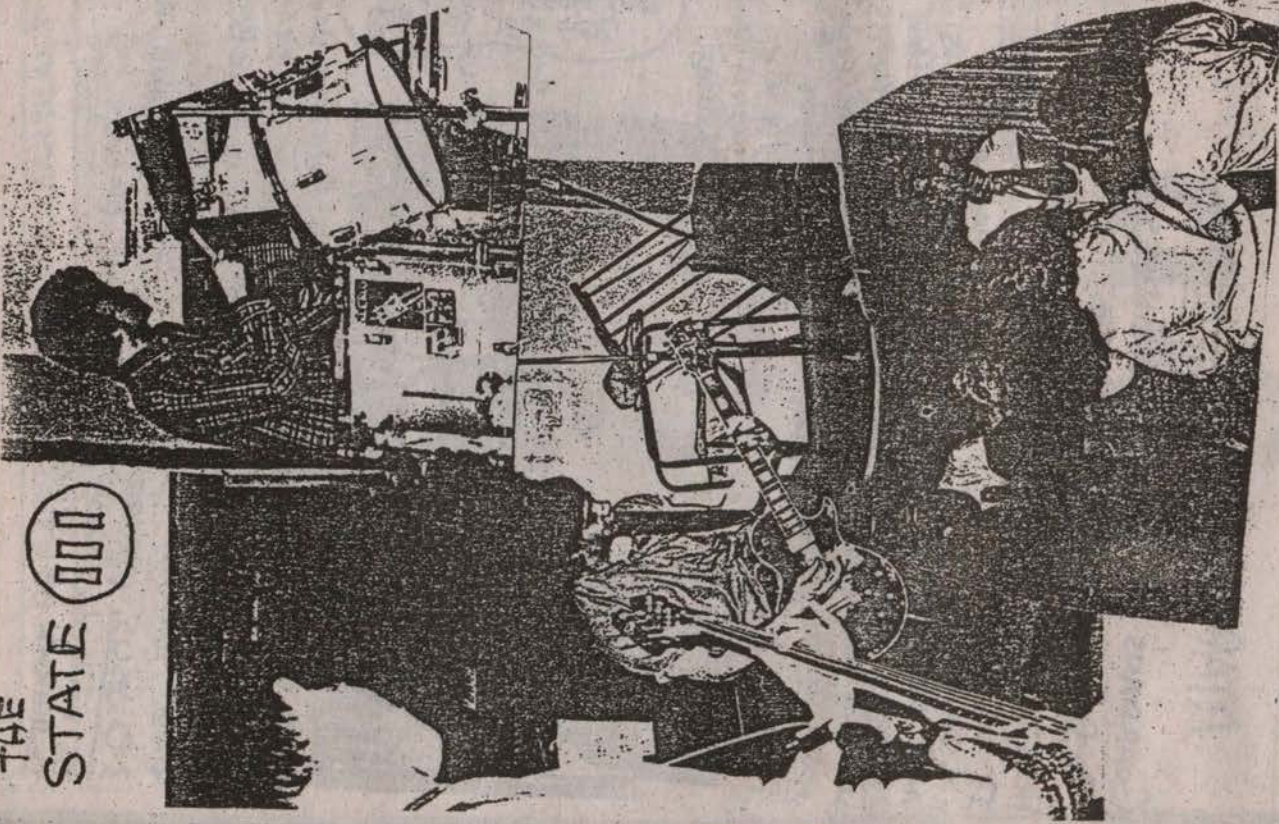
Get them FROM TOMMY
SO DEALS ON SKATE
Equipment 665-7436

INDEPENDENT

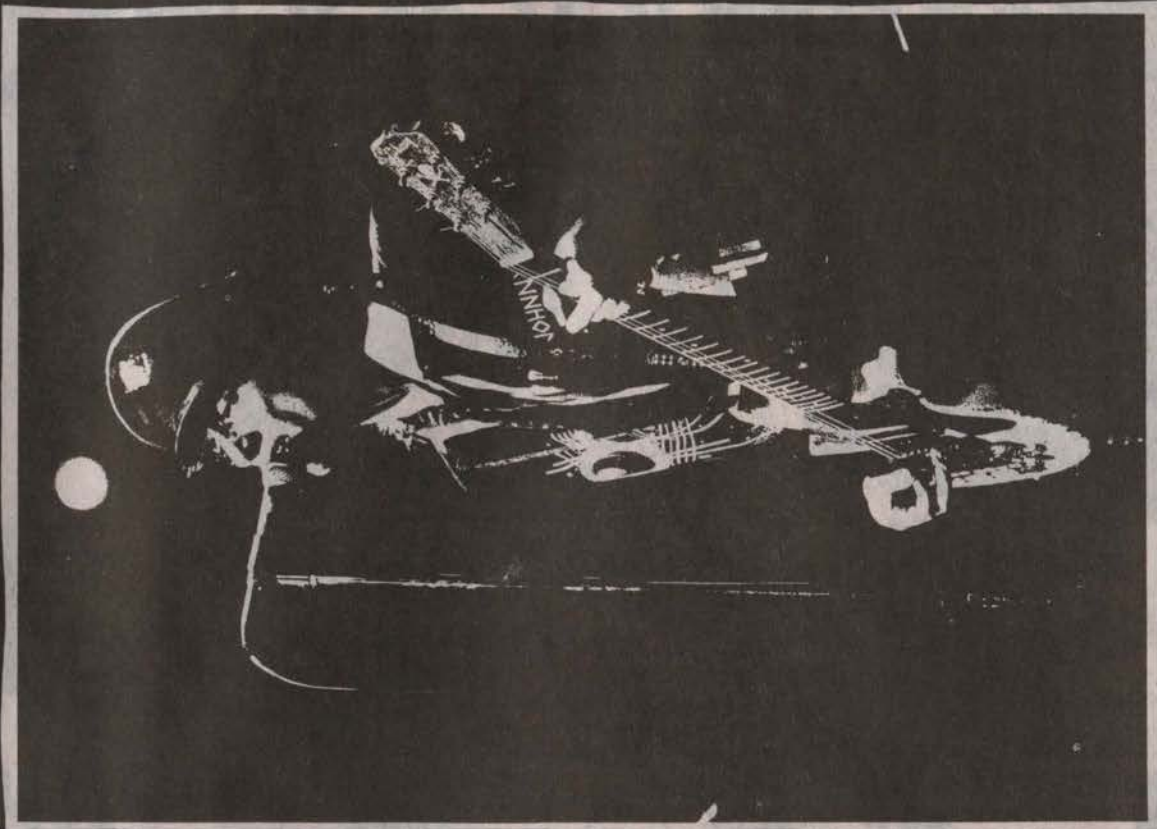
ASSORTED
SHIT PAGE

P.O. Box 1127 Capitola, CA 95010

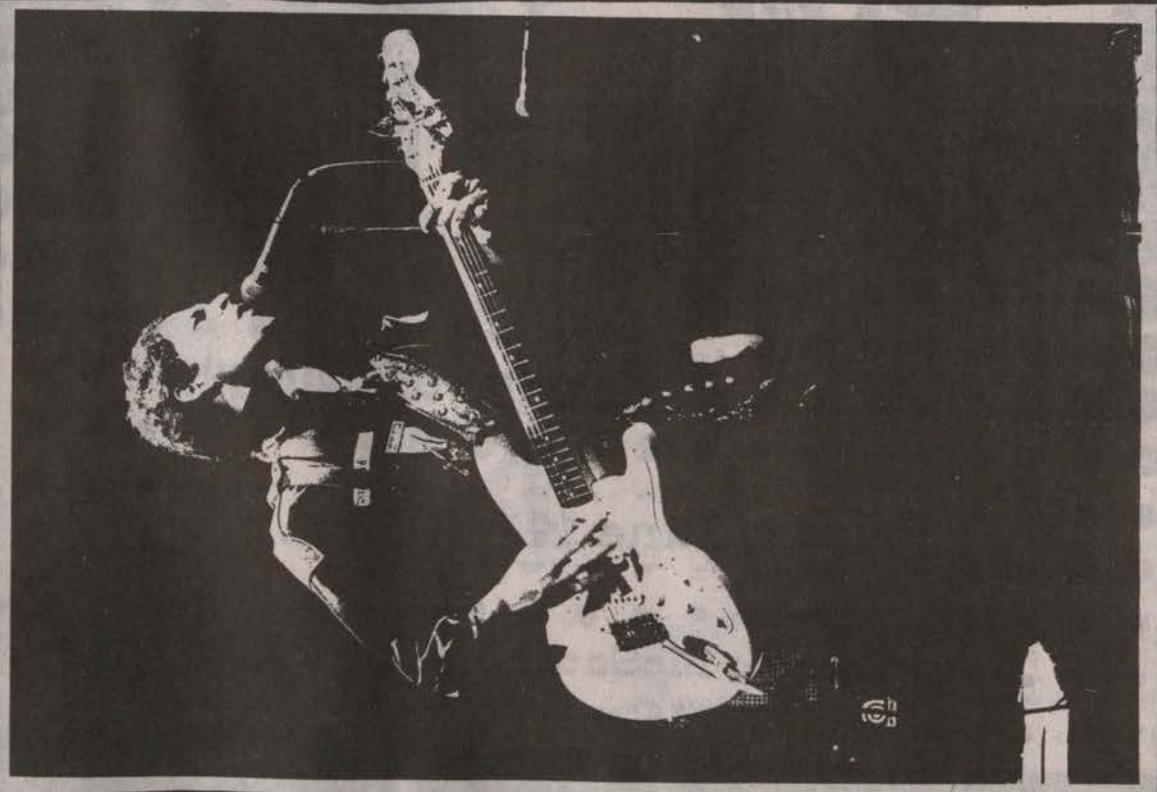
THE
STATE



- HISTORY -



Johnny Thunders



Wayne Kramer

GANG WAR
Jan-1980
6 the second chance

- HISTORY -

PLUMBORS

\$3.00

All Ages!



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CHAPSTICK

From Minneapolis, Minnesota...

Norma Kill Norma

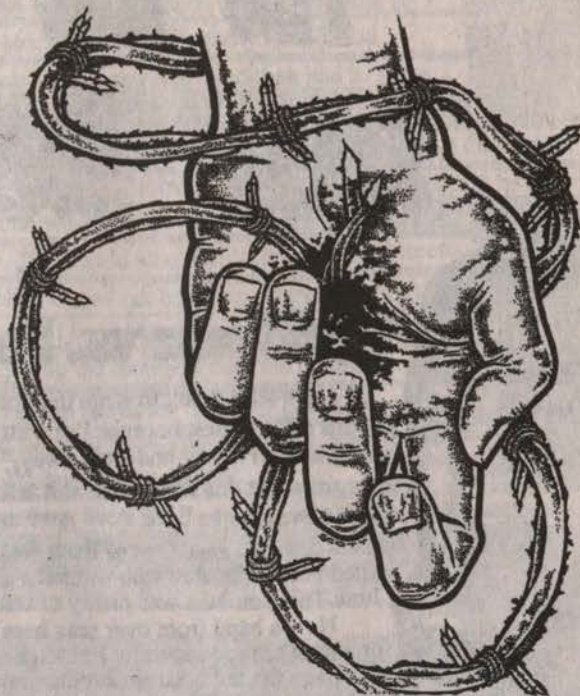
Friday, June 14 11:15pm

At Scorpio McSatan's Kung-Fu Lounge

112 Chapin, Ann Arbor, MI

O'Connell!
Box 96

1996



Scott Bentz does stencils & Graphic art. Both of these are his, shrunk down & not as good as they are big. He teaches art in Battle Creek and has done a few album covers for bands like "Vitamin X" & "Total Dumb" (But they may not ever see print) as well as his own band "The Art Fags" BENTZSCOO@HOTMAIL

GEE-I'D REALLY LIKE TO GET A NEW SHIRT AND A POSTER FOR MY WALL



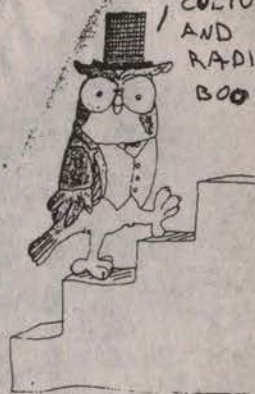
WELL I HEARD THAT STAIRWAY TO HEAVEN WAS HAVING A HUGE SALE ON THOSE ITEMS. I THINK THE WORD "CLEARANCE" WAS MENTIONED.



OH BOY! I BETTER HURRY. MAYBE I'LL BUY A FEW STICKERS AND A WATER PIPE ALSO.



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The day I met Ian MacKaye

or

The Evens vs. Forca Macabre

I wasn't going to write this for this issue, but, I just have to get this off my chest because I'm a little pissed off and a lot "throw your hands in the air and walk away," frustrated. I'm not using real names cuz this isn't about shit talking. I'll start at the beginning. About three months back steve gave me a list of shows he wanted to book at the bad idea. One of them was for a band from Finland called Forca Macabre who wanted a show on the 20th of June. Three months was plenty of time so I said we'd do it.

Now a band from over seas hasn't played in ann arbor for a long time so naturally I'm exited. Not because I'm a huge fan but because anytime international bands come to our little city, it's pretty cool and good for our community. So I want to help steve and Forca Macabre out.

About a month ago adam from rad.art tells me that they are getting ian mackaye's new band the Evens to play in ann arbor on the 20th of june. He asks me if I know of any venues they can play at that aren't a bar.

Now ian mackaye hasn't played in ann arbor for a long time so naturally I'm exited. Not because I'm a huge fan but because anytime a bigger band comes to our little city, it's pretty cool and good for our community. So I want to help rad.art out.

Here's the problem. I've already booked one band from Finland at the bad idea. It's kinda important that it's a big show so that they can make back some of the thousands they've spent coming to north America. If the Evens play that same night, I can be pretty sure way less people will come see Forca Macabre.

But with the assumption that we can find a good solution I go ahead and talk to some people and find an all ages venue for rad.art to have their show. I also find an opening band.

Now the best possible solution for the problem of having two shows in one night is to combine the shows and have Forca Macabre open for the Evens. I tell adam that we should do this and every thing would be perfect.

Adam doesn't do this. He talks to ian, and ian says that Forca Macabre aren't really who he's into playing with right now.

I personally would have told ian that I could care less about who he's into playing with. Under normal circumstances, I'd understand. But we've got a band from Finland who probably won't ever be able to play in ann arbor again. Which seems evenly important as a band with ian mackaye, who can play ann arbor, any time he wants.

Adam doesn't do this either. Instead he books the Evens show early. Starting at 6:30 and ending at around 9:00. So that people can go to both shows if they wanted to.

I thought it would be unrealistic to ask that people shell out \$5 at one show then go directly to another show and shell out another \$5.

Adam disagrees. But then he didn't even come to the latter show and he only had to pay for one so,

There were about ten people who came to both shows.

This is a recount of my day on June 20th. I woke up in Bowling Green Ohio at 9:00am. There was a conference I had been at all weekend. I ate half a bagel and went to a workshop at 9:30am. From 11:00am till 3:30pm I stayed at the conference trying to sell zines and meet people. At 3:30pm I left on my motorcycle to ride the 80 miles back to Ann Arbor. At 6:30pm I arrived in Ann Arbor and headed straight for the Evens show to help and hopefully see the opening bands and a bit of the Evens. The show started late. I saw one band then had to leave and set up for the Forca Macabre show.

Ian Mackaye overheard me saying good bye, and asked if I was the one throwing the house party. I didn't say; No I was the guy throwing an all ages show for a touring band from Finland. Instead I said; yes. He said he'd try to be done by 9:00. I invited him to come pretty sure that he wouldn't. He didn't.

I got to the bad idea at 8:15; it was about halfway set up for a show. The person who didn't go to Bowling Green and said he'd set up was asleep. The person who drove a car from Bowling Green (an hour trip on the highway) and didn't try to go to the Evens show was on the porch. I finished setting up. I hooked up the p.a. I coordinated the bands. I did the sound. I did the recording. I took the pictures. I divided up the money. I paid the bands. I watched for cops. I worried about the neighbors. I only had to take money and stamp hands for one hour out of three. At 12:15am the show was over. I was able to pay the band from Finland \$110.00 I was able to pay the band from Detroit \$0.00. I was able to pay the local band \$0.00. I was able to pay the bad idea \$20.00.

Last time a international band played I was able to pay them \$250.00. I was also able to pay both local bands and give the bad idea more than \$20.00.

After everything was done the guy who was supposed to set up but didn't, had woken up and left. The person who had taken money most of the night also left.

I closed down the space by myself.

At 1:30am I finally had breakfast.

At 2:30am I went to bed. I lay there felling three things. That a) I didn't want to see Ian Mackaye's face or hear his bands ever again, b) I didn't want to help or support rad.art in any way ever again, and c) I didn't want to book any shows for anybody, ever again. I'm not saying that's how I feel now; but that's how I felt that night.

At 8:30am I woke up to go to work.

That day was spent asking myself a lot of questions.

Why the fuck am I waking up at 9:00am when other people get to sleep till 10:00pm?

Why the fuck am I going to other people's shows when they aren't catching parts of mine?

Why the fuck am I lousing my mind trying to run a show while other people are hanging out and getting drunk?

Why the fuck am I so busy I can't eat while other people aren't and can?

Why the fuck am I getting no sleep for work while other people are sleeping and not working?

Why the fuck am I finding venues and bands for other people's shows that mess up the one I've been planning for months?

And why the fucks are there two D.I.Y. shows on the same night anyway?

The only answer I could come up with is that. I have no idea.

Now this (rant) isn't supposed to be a pity fest. This isn't about me complaining and I don't want thirty people coming up to me at the next show and asking me what they can do to help. This is an example. It's true but not so you can know what happened but so we can start thinking. About what we do and don't do and how it effects each other. This isn't about how other people suck. This is about how many times I haven't helped enough. How many times I have gone to a show with out asking if I can do anything. How many times have I watched a musician struggle with a microphone or patch cord and not jumped on stage to help. How many times I haven't cleaned up spilled beer off of someone's floor. How many times have I left a show with out picking up my own garbage? This isn't an ego thing where I'm saying that the things I do are more important than the things other people do, or that I do more work than anyone else. This is about asking, What's important. And supporting the things that are. Even if they may not be your most favorite thing in the world.

Cuz I don't know if I've ever booked a show that was competing with a show across town. And I don't know if I've ever watched someone run them selves ragged on no food or sleep. And I don't know if I ever let my friend clean up by them selves. But I bet I have.

And I/we need to start thinking about that.

No!No

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